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No. 4.

AN OLD-TIME VALENTINE.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

ONE February midnight, while bright stars laughed above,
A poet, in his garret, sat rhyming "love" and "dove";
He drew his gown about him, because the air was chill;
He wrote of Venus' snowy swans, and dipped his gray goose quill.
And when the cold east kindled with morning's rosy fires,
When all the merry sparrows chirped, and sparkled all the spires,
Appeared a proper bachelor, who could not write a line
(At least in rhyme), in happy time, to get his valentine.
He grasped the hand that penned it, with fervor quite absurd;
He cried, "'T is elegant indeed!"—a cheerful chink was heard,
A silver sound of kissing coins; the poet rhymed for these,
And yoked his teams of "loves" and "doves" to bring him bread and cheese!
To seal the precious missive, well pleased the lover sped;
He sealed it with a heart and dart, extremely neat and red;
He wrote upon the back a name ('t was Jane, if tell I must);
He would have liked to sand the same with diamonds ground to dust.
To knock just like the postman, he used his utmost art;
And Mistress Jane came tripping down; she saw the heart and dart;
Trim Jane, with eyebrows jetty, and dimple in her chin.
"A Valentine? It can't be mine!"—and yet she took it in.
And she and sister Betty laid by their work awhile,
And bent their heads above the sheet, and praised the sugared style;
'T was all of "roguish Cupids," and "rainbow-pinioned Hours,"
And "golden arrows tipped with flame," and "fetters made of flowers."
"I vow it 's vastly pretty; and yet, my dear, you see
It says within '*To Chloe*'—it can't be meant for me!
And yet it says without '*To Jane*'—I think it must be mine!"
Meantime the poet toasted cheese, and blessed St. Valentine!

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How the Mails are Carried.



BY MAX BENNETT.

WE stamp a letter and drop it into the iron box upon the side of a lamp-post, secure in the knowledge that it will reach the friend to whom we wish to send it, even though he live thousands of miles away. Some day the postman brings the answer to our door, and so common a convenience has this great service now



become, that we give no thought to the wonder of it. But of all that was done with that letter after it was mailed, until it reached the one to whom it was addressed, the many hands through which it passed, the many watchful eyes which cared for it, we know next to nothing; for so far as the working part is concerned, the post-offices and postal cars offer only closed doors to the general public. It is right, moreover, that this should be so, and if at some time the thought has come that we would like to inspect the contents of a mail-bag, it has been followed by the thought that we would not care to have our own letters and packages handled by outsiders.

The government strictly requires that no one but duly authorized persons, under oath, shall

be allowed to handle the mails; and the business part of the post-office and the postal car are closed to all others.

All this privacy, however, is peculiar to the mail itself. A knowledge of the work of sorting it, and of the methods by which this great business is carried on is free to every one.

In cities and large towns the letters are gathered from the boxes by the carriers and taken to the central office or to designated branch stations. In smaller places they are mailed directly at the office. If the office is large enough to require a number of clerks, one is detailed for the work of getting the mail ready for despatch, and is called the mailing clerk. The table at which he works is called the mailing table, and is raised so high from the floor that he can work comfortably at it while standing. The back edge is usually a few inches the higher, so that the top will incline toward the person at work; and into the table is set, so as to be even with the top, a large piece of rubber an inch or more in thickness. On the table beside this lie the canceling stamp and ink pad. The government requires that the stamp be of metal, and the ink black and indelible, but this rule is sometimes broken in small country offices by the use of rubber stamps and colored inks. The government furnishes all necessary stamps and ink, and the only excuse for not following the rule is that where there are few letters the rubber stamp and common ink may be more convenient. The penalty for removing the cancellation from a stamp and using the stamp again, is imprisonment for from six months to three years, or a fine from \$100 to \$500.

The letters and postal cards taken from the

box are arranged in piles, all right side up; and the mailing clerk, placing a pile of them on the table in front of him, cancels them with almost incredible rapidity, sliding each piece, before he strikes it, upon the rubber in the table, thus securing a good impression of the stamp, and a slight rebound to aid the next stroke.

It has become a custom which all thoughtful persons always observe, to place the stamp on the upper right-hand corner of the envelop, but few people have ever stopped to think what was the reason for this choice of position. The canceling stamp and the postmarking stamp are fastened side by side upon the same handle, and if the stamp is correctly placed one blow makes both impressions. If, however, the stamp is on the lower right-hand corner the postmark falls on the address, and both are blurred, while if the stamp is on the left-hand side, the postmark, which is always at the left of the canceler, does not strike the envelop at all, and a second blow is necessary to secure it. So if the stamp is anywhere except in the upper right-hand corner it makes just twice as much work for the clerk, and this, where he is stamping many thousand pieces every day, is no small matter. There has been in use for some time, in the post-office in Boston, a number of canceling machines, into which the letters, all faced upward, are fed. These machines, if the stamps are correctly placed, do the work quite well, leaving on the envelop the row of long black lines which we all have noticed on Boston letters.

I am not able to learn, however, that there is any other office in the country, as yet, which uses these. The Boston office has also quite recently put in operation a most ingenious machine for canceling and postmarking postal cards, which differs from the other in the greater rapidity of its work. Two hundred cards can be placed in it at once, a crank is turned, and click, click! they fall into a basket, all stamped.

It seems to be the impression of many people that the mail when sent from an office is gathered carelessly together and thrown into a mail bag which is then locked and despatched. This is wholly wrong, for even in the smallest offices the letters and cards are all gathered face upward and tied into a neat package. The government furnishes the twine to do this, and some

idea of the immensity of the postal service can be formed from the fact that in one year the cost to the government of the twine for this purpose (which though strong is of the cheapest quality) was nearly seventy-two thousand dollars.

As the offices grow larger the size of the mailing case increases and the distribution grows more elaborate. The mailing case is a case of pigeonholes, set up before the mailing clerk, each opening being labeled "Boston," "Providence," "New York," "Boston and Albany," etc. Into the first are put all the letters for Boston, into the second all those for Providence, while into the one marked "Boston and Albany" go all the letters for the offices on the road connecting these two places, unless there may be among them



A CARRIER COLLECTING LETTERS FROM A LETTER-BOX.

cities so large as to have a box to themselves. Of course, the larger the office is, the more letters there will be, and consequently a need for more boxes. Boston, for instance, sends mail-pouches directly to many hundred of the larger towns all over New England, and therefore

there must be, in the mailing case of the Boston office, a box for every one of those towns.

So far in this article I have spoken, for convenience, only of letters; but the same methods apply also to newspapers and packages, except that the greater size of these requires larger boxes for sorting, and more sacks for carrying. Letters and all sealed mail are always sent in leather pouches, locked; newspapers and other similar matter, in large canvas sacks, merely drawn together with a cord and fastened with a slide. It is to be noticed that the bag made of leather is always called a "pouch," while the one made of cloth is always called a "sack."

Nearly every railroad in the United States carries, at least once a day, one or more men whose business it is to receive, sort, and deliver the mail gathered at the towns along or near that road.

If there is little work to be done, one man does it alone, in a small room built in a part of the baggage-car or smoking-car. As the business increases, two or more men work together, having a whole car for their accommodation. This car is drawn directly behind the engine, so that there shall be no occasion for any passing through it. With still more business, between the large cities, two or more cars are run; until between New York and Chicago we have a whole train run exclusively for the mail service, made up of five cars and worked by twenty men. A line of railroad between two cities, used in this way, for sorting the mail, is called an "R. P. O.," or "Railway Post-Office," and there is an immense number of such in the country, taking their names from the chief offices on the line.

Such are the "Boston and Albany," "Boston, Springfield, and New York," "Portland and Island Pond," "Chicago and Cedar Rapids," and many hundred others. The runs vary greatly in length, ranging from twenty miles to as high as a thousand miles. The extremely long runs, with the exception of the "New York and Chicago," are found only in the West, where there are great distances between the cities. On such a run there will be two or more men, one crew sleeping while the other works. The "New York and Chicago" is divided into three sections. On this run, the twenty men who

start out from New York are relieved by as many more at Syracuse, and these in turn are relieved at Cleveland by another company who take the train into Chicago. As a general thing, however, a run is planned to be about the distance which can be covered in a day.

On all the more important lines there are two sets of men, one for day and one for night service. If the run is a short one with but little mail, one man does the work alone, running every day, and usually having several hours to rest at one end of the road or the other. Where the run is long enough, so that the trip takes all day, there will be four sets of men. One man, or set of men, starts at one end of the run, and covers the entire line, meeting the other somewhere on the route, and returning the next day. When these men have worked a week, they go home to rest a week, and the others take their places. Such is the arduous nature of the work, the strain to mind and body, and particularly to eyesight, from working all day long in the constant jar and rattle, that few men would be able to retain a place were it not for these periods of rest.

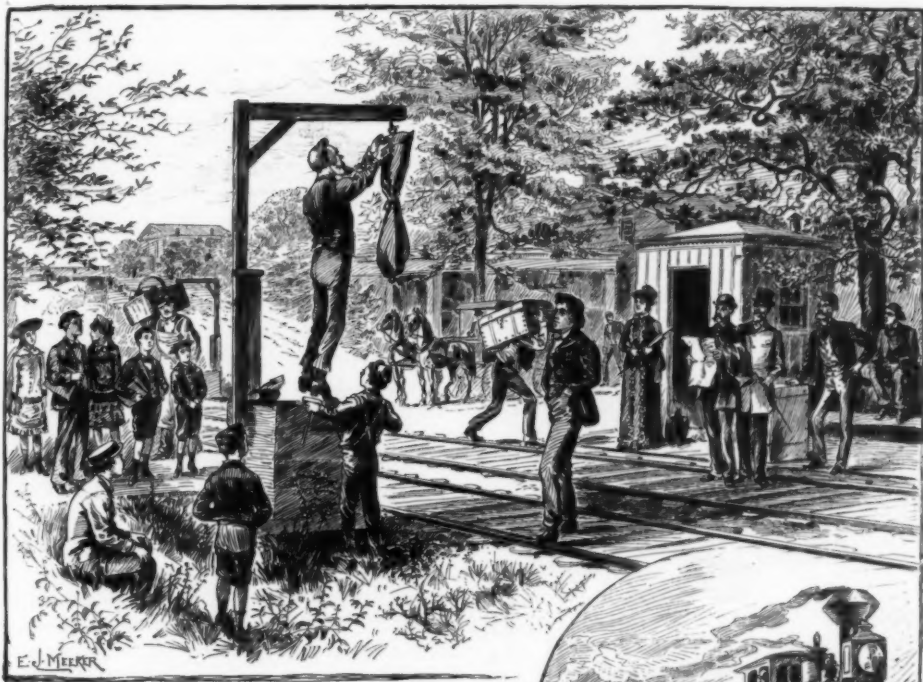
The railway mail service of the whole country is divided for convenience into eleven divisions, all under the charge of a general superintendent at Washington. Each separate division has a superintendent of its own. There were, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, 5094 clerks in the service, and they handled that year 6,528,772,060 pieces of ordinary mail matter, besides registered pieces. The salaries of the clerks range from \$500 to \$1300 according to the amount of work or responsibility.

We have seen how the mail is made up and despatched from the post-office. Let us see how it is received at the postal car. On a run of average importance, one whole car will be devoted to the work. In one end of this car a space several feet in length is reserved for storing the sacks filled with mail. Often a hundred or more of them are on board at one time. Near this space are the doors, one on each side, through which the mails are received and delivered.

On many postal-cars there is fastened to each doorway an ingenious iron arm called a crane, which can be swung outward; and, while

the train is still at full speed, this catches and brings in a pouch hung on a frame at some way-station so small that the train does not stop there.

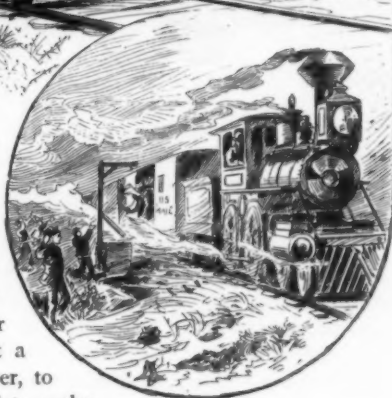
In the opposite end of the car is the letter case, where the letters are sorted. This contains several hundreds of pigeonholes labeled with the names of all the large cities of the country, the railway post-offices with which this one connects, etc. If the run happens to be



AT A WAY-STATION. GETTING READY FOR A FAST MAIL-TRAIN.

in New England, for instance, there are also boxes for each one of the Southern States, and Western States and Territories.

Each car is furnished with canceling stamp, pad, and ink; for each car is a post-office in itself, and must receive, wherever it stops, the letters which for convenience people would rather mail there than at a post-office. The postal clerk is only required, however, to keep on hand two-cent stamps, and he is not obliged to make change. Between the ends of the car and occupying much the larger space, the "paper man" has his station. Where two or more men run in the same car, one man has command of the others and is called "the clerk in charge." As a general thing he sorts only letters, and is spoken of sometimes as the "letter clerk," while the others are called "paper men" or "helpers." On the New York and Chicago train, mentioned before, one whole car is devoted to sorting letters, and the four others to papers. The responsibility of the clerk in charge is supposed to be the greatest, and he usually receives the largest salary. Through the middle of the car extends a table two or three feet in width, made in sections so as to fold up if necessary, and often twenty feet long.





CANCELING AND POSTMARKING LETTERS ON THE TRAIN.

On this the papers are sorted, and all around it are hung the sacks, covering the walls before and behind. In a postal car fitted up with the latest improvements, from one hundred to two hundred sacks can be hung, and half as many pouches in addition. The sorting of the papers differs from that of the letters in the particular that the former are in most cases thrown directly into the sacks, while the latter are sorted into boxes. A very recent invention, which is found a great improvement, is a double floor, laid firmly on rubber springs above the floor of the car, in front of the cases and tables where the clerks have to stand all day long. This greatly diminishes the jar of the train.

It is the duty of the helper to lock and unlock all the pouches, and to put off and take on

all the mail at the stations. And just here a word about mail locks and keys. All over this whole great country, from Maine to California, and from St. Paul to New Orleans, every mail lock is the exact counterpart of every other one of the many hundreds of thousands; and every one of these, the key in any post-office in the country, whether it be the smallest cross-roads settlement or the immense New York City office, will lock and unlock. Every key is numbered, and though the numbers run high into the thousands,—the key which I last used was number 79,600,—a record of every one is kept by the government, and its whereabouts can be told at any time. Once in six or seven years, as a measure of safety, all the locks and keys are changed. New ones of an entirely different pattern are sent out, and the old ones are called in and destroyed.

When the helper takes in a pouch at a station, he unlocks it and pours out the mail upon his table. Before he hangs it up, he must look into it carefully to see that no stray letter or paper remains at the bottom, as is very apt to be the case; for any that were left there would be delayed, perhaps a whole day. If the pouch which he opens is from a small office the letters will all be in one package, and this he hands directly to the letter clerk, and sorts the papers himself. If it is from a larger office the letters will be in several packages. All those for Boston will be by themselves in a package, on the face of which is tied a brown paper slip, printed plainly "Boston." Another will be marked "New York," etc. These he throws directly into the pouches going to those cities. The remainder of the letters will be for various places and will be tied in a number of bundles which the letter clerk must sort, or "work" as the process is called. If the run is a long one with much business, there will be a great many packages; and if the letters were put up without system, it would be impossible for the letter clerk to work them all until he was far past many of the offices on the line, and then all the letters which he found for those places would have been carried by and thus delayed. To obviate this, the offices along the line are divided into sections, the sections being numbered. Thus, for instance, on the Boston and Albany,

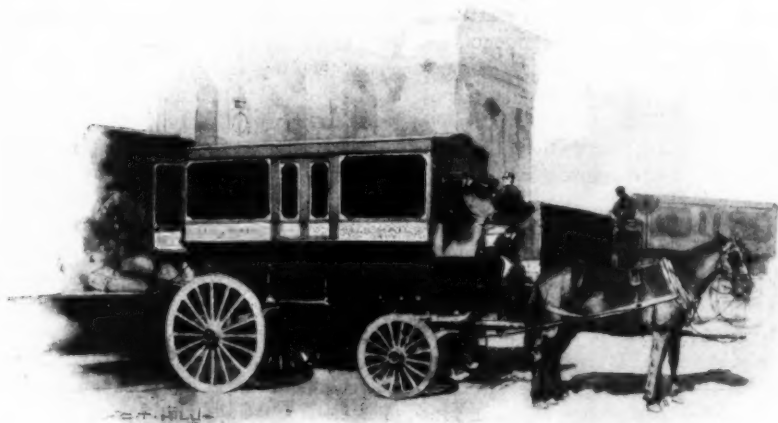
moving west, the sections are as follows, the distance being two hundred and three miles:

1. Boston to South Framingham. 2. South Framingham to Worcester. 3. Worcester to Palmer. 4. Palmer to Springfield. 5. Springfield to Westfield. 6. Westfield to Pittsfield. 7. Pittsfield to State Line. 8. State Line to Chatham Village, N. Y. 9. Chatham Village to Albany, N. Y.

All mail for places between Boston and South Framingham is put into one package and marked "Boston and Albany, West, No. 1," and that for the other sections is marked in a similar manner. The clerk is in his car long before the train leaves Boston, and before he starts, his No. 1 mail—and often much more—is worked. Then the No. 2 is finished before he reaches South Framingham. Thus, he is always able to keep ahead of time.

The letters for the large cities are quickly disposed of. Those for the Western and South-

nearly all New England, and he must have in his mind the location of every one of the hundreds of post-offices in all this area, and know just which way to send a letter so as to have it reach its destination quickest. If this could be learned once for all it would be no small task, but time-tables, and stage-routes, and post-offices, are continually changing, and he must keep up with the changes. There are at present in the New England States, for example, the following numbers of offices: Maine, 1066; New Hampshire, 526; Vermont, 523; Massachusetts, 839; Rhode Island, 129; Connecticut, 484. In New York State the number rises to 3317. The agent who runs on the Boston and Albany railway, for instance, must have in his mind the location of every office in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and a part of those in New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York. This run is not ex-



A MAIL WAGON RECEIVING MAIL AT THE NEW YORK GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

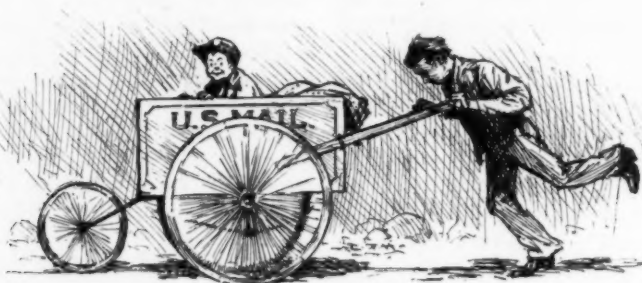
ern States and Territories are made up into packages by States merely, and sent on their way to be more fully worked by someone else before their destination is reached. All this is, however, only a small part of the postal clerk's duty. His run connects more or less directly with half a hundred others, extending over

ceptional. Many others are equally hard; some harder. An agent is expected to keep in mind the location of 5000 offices. Where the run is so long that its distribution requires more than this, one man is trained to take charge of some part of it while another learns some other part.

The superintendent of a division in which a

Railway Post Office is situated must learn of all the changes relating to distribution in his division, keep his men informed of them, and see that the men properly perform their duties.

The time required by each man is also noted, and is reckoned into the standing, since the efficiency of a postal clerk depends largely upon the rapidity with which he can work. An



A FREE RIDE TO THE POST-OFFICE.

The first division comprises all of New England, and the headquarters of the superintendent are in Boston. Twice a week he issues a printed bulletin of several pages, giving information of changes that have been made and instructions for new work. These bulletins are sent regularly to all postal clerks and to the larger offices. Once in so many months every clerk is examined by his superintendent, or some one designated by him, to see how well the clerk has mastered, and retained, the work of his position. The way in which this examination is made is interesting. The examinations are made by States, and we will suppose a clerk is to be examined on Massachusetts. The examiner has a small case of pigeonholes, usually made to fold up so as to be light and portable. This is labeled, by means of movable labels, just as a car would be in which the man to be examined is an agent. In addition to this the examiner furnishes a set of cards, as many in number as there are offices in Massachusetts, the name of some one office being written on each of the cards.

The clerk takes these cards and rapidly sorts them into their proper places in the case, just as if he was sorting so many letters into the case in his car. The examiner watches the operation, and when it is done takes the cards out, one by one, to see what errors have been made. A written report of every examination is made out, giving the percentage of each clerk, as in the case of a pupil at a school examina-

tion. The time required by each man is also noted, and is reckoned into the standing, since the efficiency of a postal clerk depends largely upon the rapidity with which he can work. An efficient paper clerk will throw from fifteen to twenty pieces in a minute, and an equally good letter clerk will sort from thirty to forty letters in the same time. The reason the latter is able to work so many more pieces is because they are already faced up for him, while the paper mail comes in a jumble.

Another way in which the division superintendent can oversee the work of his clerks is by means of the facing slips.

As already has been stated, all the letters going to any one office, or to any division of a railway, are tied into a bundle on the face of which is placed a brown paper slip, about as big as a postal card, on which is plainly printed the destination of the package. Every postal clerk, or post-office clerk using one of these slips is obliged to put on it his own name and address, and the date it was used. Now when some other clerk comes to open the package, if he finds in it any letters which have been put there by mistake, and thus have been delayed, he at once writes upon the back of the slip a list of the errors, and sends it in to the office of the superintendent of the division. Here an account is kept with every man in the division. He is debited with all the errors reported against him, and credited with all that he reports against anybody else. At the end of each month a record of this account is sent him, that he may be encouraged in well-doing, or spurred on to improvement.

It is this complex system, so carefully enforced, which has given us our present excellent mail service.

The contract of the government with all railways requires the latter to deliver the mails at, and bring them from, offices within eighty rods of the station. Where the distance is greater, the government has to furnish a carrier.

After the mails are received at the office of destination the work is simple. All letters are

stamped on the back with the day and hour of receipt, so that if they have been delayed on the way it will be shown that the delay was not at that office. Unless it is a large office, the letters and papers are put directly into the boxes. If the office is large enough for free delivery, the carriers take the larger part of the mail, but their work, and the methods for quickly handling the mail in a city office, would furnish material for a separate article.



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A LITTLE man bought him a big bass-drum;
 Boom—boom—boom!
 "Who knows," said he, "when a war will come?"
 Boom—boom—boom!
 "I'm not at all frightened, you understand,
 But, if I am called on to fight for my land,
 I want to be ready to play in the band."
 Boom—boom—boom!

He got all his children little snare-drums;
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 And they'd practice as soon as they'd finished
 their sums.

Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 "Won't you stop it, I beg you?" he often said,
 "I'm trying to think of a text, but instead
 The only thing I can get into my head



Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 "We're just like our papa," in chorus said they,
 "And, if we should ever get into the fray,
 Why, it's safer to thump than to fight any day!"
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!

And, showing her spirit, the little man's wife—
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 With some of her pin-money purchased a fife;
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 And, picking out tunes that were not very hard,
 They'd play them while marching around the
 back yard,
 Without for one's feelings the slightest regard.
 Boom—tidera-da—boom-a-diddle-dee—
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!

The little old parson, who lived next door—
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 Would throw up his hands, as he walked the
 floor;

Is your boom—tidera-da—boom-a-diddle-
 dee—
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!"



And all of the people, for blocks around —
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 Kept time at their tasks to the martial sound;
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 While children to windows and stoops would fly,
 Expecting to see a procession pass by,
 And they could n't make out why it never drew nigh,
 With its boom—tidera-da—boom-a-diddle-dee—
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!



It would seem such vigor must soon abate;
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 But they still keep at it, early and late;
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 So, if it should be that a war breaks out,
 They 'll all be ready, I have no doubt,
 To help in putting the foe to rout,
 With their boom—tidera-da—boom—
Boom—tidera-da—Boom—
 Boom—tidera-da—boom-a-diddle-dee—
 Boom—BOOM—BOOM!

THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

(*Began in the November number.*)

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT THE OWNER OF THE SCOW SAID.

As they walked down to the lake together, they saw the wreck, still adrift and smoking, not far from shore. But it was deep in the water, and the hay was reduced to a low, sunken, black, and formless mass, which exposed scarcely any surface to the wafting wind.

"The water has got into the old hulk, and foundered it, and soaked out the fire," Mr. Allerton observed.

"Don't call it an old hulk," Toby replied. "It was almost new when I had the bad luck to borrow it."

"But it could n't have had much value."

"That 's what I hope Mr. Brunswick will say; but I 'm afraid he won't!"

"There are not so many boats on this lake that it seems necessary to burn them up," said the teacher. "I wonder there are not more. Summer boarders are coming now, and if other people are half as fond of the water as I am, row-boats and sail-boats should be in demand."

"Do you spend the summer here?" Toby asked.

"A large part of it, at any rate; I don't know of a more attractive place to pass a vacation. If I thought I should keep your school another year—"

"You 'll do that, very surely!"

"It is n't sure at all. I find there are many discordant elements in the place, and I am by no means satisfied that I am the man to harmonize them. But, as I was saying, if I thought I should stay, I would have a boat of my own."

"You can take mine any time," said Toby. "I 've been so busy I have n't put it into the water yet. But I mean to have it in soon."

"I am very much obliged to you. I should think it would be a good thing, for somebody who has a little leisure, to keep a few boats to let, and to take people out rowing."

"That 's a good idea!" Toby exclaimed. "Is n't there anybody you can suggest it to?"

"How about the young fellow you call Yellow Jacket?"

Toby thought a moment.

"It would be just the thing for him, if he only had the boats, and a little business enterprise. Shiftless habits and one leaky boat would n't answer."

"I 'm afraid not," said the master. "But the fellow seems to have good stuff in him, if one could manage to get hold of him and bring it out."

"He 's a jolly, good-hearted chap," said Toby; "though something of a braggart. He might get a good living, if he would only take hold of some kind of work, and stick to it, instead of letting his mother and sisters support him. About all he cares to do is to catch wasps and paddle his boat. That 's he, out there now, with the three other boys."

"Which is Yellow Jacket?"

"The one with the suspenders crossed on his back over his yellow flannel shirt. He nearly always wears yellow flannel—to be in keeping with his nickname, I suppose. They are going to look at the wreck."

"He has really saved two or three lives, I hear." Mr. Allerton mused a moment. "I think I must manage to get acquainted with him."

While Yellow Jacket and his companions were rowing around the foundered scow, and punching their oars into the heap of burnt hay, Mr. Allerton and Toby walked on toward Mr. Brunswick's house.

"There 's Mr. Brunswick now, coming down to the shore!" said Toby, drawing an anxious

breath. "He 's looking off at the scow. I 'd give something to know what he 's thinking."

"Perhaps we shall find out," said the schoolmaster. "I don't see why you should be afraid of meeting him."

"I 'm not exactly afraid," replied Toby; "but I know it will be disagreeable. I should dislike to tell him, even if I knew I was n't to blame for anything. A fellow hates explanations and a row and all that sort of thing, even when he 's sure of being in the right. He 's calling."

"How is she?" shouted old Bob, from the shore, to young Bob in Yellow Jacket's boat.

"What?" young Bob answered, standing upright in the bow, and calling back over the heads of his companions.

"How 's the scow?"

"There 's no scow left! There 's a half-burnt bottom, that 's all,—full of water and burnt straw," replied his son, from the boat. Young Bob, to illustrate, punched an oar into the mass. "The upper part of the sides is all gone!" he added.

The iceman stood silent for a moment, with his hands on his hips, and his arms making triangles with his sides; then turned to accost Toby, with ironical pleasantry.

"Wal, young feller! That 's a pooty pictur'!"

"You see what has happened," said Toby, trying to be pleasant in return, but making a sickly business of it.

"I ruther think I du!—Don't take more 'n half an eye to see that," replied the elder Bob, with a smile as cool as if it had been kept on a large quantity of his own ice until served up for the occasion. "I never thought you 'd be fool enough to burn her up, whatever happened."

"Neither did I think so," said Toby, more at his ease. "But you see I—or somebody—was. It makes very little difference to you who was the fool. Your scow is burnt, and she 'll have to be paid for. That 's the short of it, Mr. Brunswick."

"Yes; that 's to the p'int; that 's fair," said the iceman, his sarcastic grin somewhat relaxing. "Who 's to pay?"

"I—if nobody else does; if I live," replied Toby, his spirits rising more and more. "I borrowed it, and I 'm responsible." He had said that to himself many times, and it was now

a satisfaction to say it aloud to the owner of the boat, with the schoolmaster within hearing.

"Only I hope it won't be very costly."

"I don't know 'bout that," Mr. Brunswick said, doubtfully. "Scow was new last summer. Had her built a-purpose for my business. Guess she must 'a' cost twenty dollars and up'ards. I 've got the bills for the lumber and labor."

Mr. Allerton, who had kept in the background, now said:

"I should suppose Mr. Tazwell would pay for the scow without raising a question."

"Mabby he will, and mabby he won't," replied the elder Bob. "I 've no dealin's with Tazwell, as I told Toby here. I shall look to Toby; he can look to Tazwell."

"That 's all right," said Toby. "I have saved the oars."

He was starting to go, when Mr. Brunswick asked.

"How did the fire ketch? Ye ha'n't told me yit."

"I did n't suppose that would make much difference, as far as you are concerned," Toby answered. "Tom Tazwell tried to light his cigarette, I tried to hinder him, we got into a scuffle, and somehow the hay caught from his matches."

"Wal!" The iceman's lips tightened with a grim expression. "If he was my boy, I guess he 'd never hanker much after lightin' another cigarette on a load of hay, long as he lived!"

Then he called to young Bob in the boat:

"Can't ye manage to hitch yer painter on to what 's left of her, and tow her in?"

There was a consultation in the boat; then Yellow Jacket made answer:

"Ain't nothing to hitch on to."

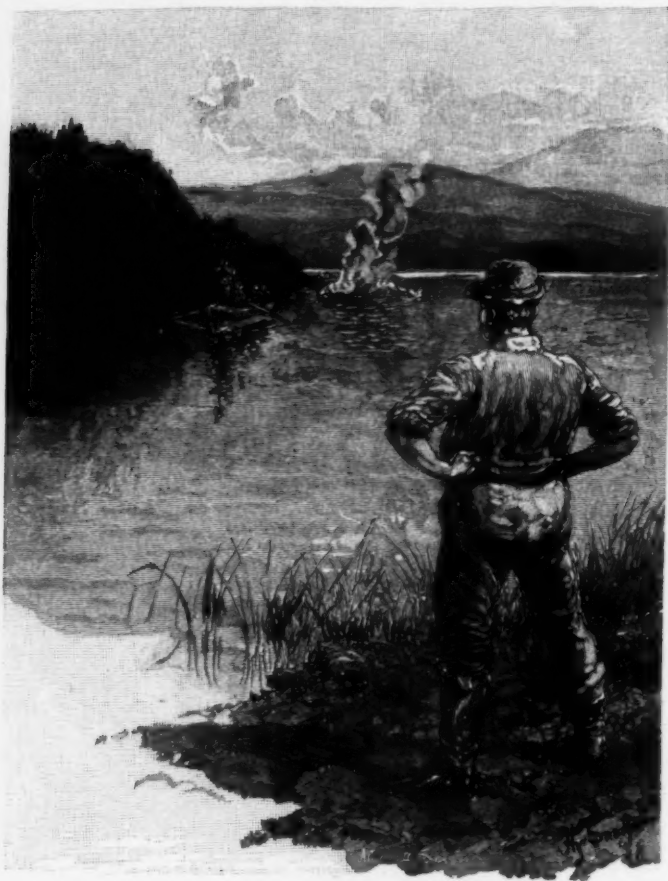
"Pull ashore," said old Bob, "and I 'll give ye an ice-hook. Ye can ketch on to her with that."

He once more turned his ironic grin upon Toby and the teacher.

"We 'll haul her up," he said; "and if Tazwell wants what 's left of his hay, he can come and git it. Or he can send an idiot of a boy with a cigarette and matches. Guess the ' won't be no danger of its gittin' afire a second time!"

He turned and entered the tool-room of the

ice-house, from which he presently brought out the store, was taking down the shutters, when a long-handled ice-hook. While the boys in the Toby made his appearance. Neither Tom nor boat were rowing in to receive it, Mr. Allerton his father had arrived. Mr. Tazwell usually



"HOW IS SHE?" SHOUTED OLD BOB, FROM THE SHORE."

and Toby walked back along the shore to the village.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT THE OWNER OF THE HAY SAID.

Toby did not return to the store until Monday morning. By that time he had pretty well recovered from the inconvenience his burns occasioned, and was ready for work again.

Peters, the clerk, whose duty it was to open

came late; and Tom went to business or stayed away, about as he pleased.

"We did n't see you on Saturday afternoon," Peters remarked with a look of quiet drollery, over a shutter he was handling. "How was that?"

"Did n't you know?" replied Toby, as drily. "Mr. Tazwell gave Tom and me a stint, to get some hay, and excused us from the store till this morning."

"Did you bring home the hay?" asked Peters.

"We brought it part way," said Toby.

"I guess Tazwell was delighted," suggested Peters.

"No doubt about it," replied Toby.

He was sick with anxiety to know what Mr. Tazwell had said of the catastrophe, and what was generally thought of his own share in it; but he would not ask, and Peters did not volunteer to tell him. Toby helped

about the shutters, and then went to work sweeping.

The morning was well advanced when Tom and his father walked in together, cheerfully conversing.

Tom gave Toby a supercilious look, but Mr. Tazwell took no notice of him. He was a polite and politic man, who had his impulses well under control. He rarely raised his voice above a low and well-modulated tone, and he was often most quiet when most angry; but at such

times there would be an expression in his gray eyes, and even in the stoop of his genteel shoulders, which those who knew him understood.

There was no mistaking the silent manner that took possession of him the moment he saw Toby. The boy stood ready to give him "Good-morning," if spoken to; and to receive any amount of censure for interference with Tom and his matches. But Mr. Tazwell passed him and without a word entered the counting-room.

Determined to rise above his trouble, Toby turned to Tom and asked: "How is Bertha this morning?"

"Well enough," Tom replied, with something of the repressed and ominous paternal manner; but he could not resist the temptation to add, "—thanks to Yellow Jacket."

Toby had very little jealousy in his nature; but he felt this as a blow. Tom, who was stooping behind a box in the back room, to change his boots, looked up and said:

"Was n't he splendid?"

"Who?" said Toby.

"Yellow Jacket, of course. Father says he is going to make him a handsome present."

"I hope he will," replied Toby. "He won't, though, and you know it."

"I know it?" said Tom, in a blaze of resentment. The son had not yet acquired the self-control which worldly prudence imposed upon the father. "Then why should I tell you so?"

"Just to hurt my feelings." That was what Toby thought, and firmly believed, but he was too proud to say it. Yet his burning sense of injury would not let him remain silent. "If he chooses to give Yellow Jacket something," he said, "I don't know who is to object. I was only thinking—" But there he stopped, afraid of saying too much.

"Speak out! What were you thinking?" Tom demanded.

"He might give something to some other people, too," said Toby. "There are enough who feel, if he has any money to spare, some of it belongs to them."

The moment he had made this allusion to the creditors he believed to have been defrauded, he felt how indiscreet it was, and was sorry for it.

Mr. Tazwell's treatment of him, which seemed

so cruel under the circumstances, and which had no doubt been caused by Tom's misrepresentations, would not alone have provoked him to it; nor would he at another time have cared much for Tom's ungenerous taunts. But these were sparks to something compressed in his bosom, ready for an explosion. What Mr. Brunswick had said to him of the failure had reawakened his worst suspicions, lulled for a season; and he was full of the feeling that his mother was the victim of a deep and deliberate wrong.

But Tom did not—or pretended he did not—understand him.

"Oh!" said he; "you think you are entitled to something, as well as Yellow Jacket? I see what has made you flare up so. *You* want a reward."

"I want a reward?" Toby repeated, with amazement and indignation. "For what?"

"For what you think you did, helping Yellow Jacket lift Bertha out of the water."

"Helping Yellow Jacket—!" Toby exclaimed; but there he paused.

Was it possible that no more was known of what he had done for Bertha than what Tom himself had seen while swimming aimlessly about behind the scow and calling for help? Or, even if all were known, could anybody deem him so base as to wish for any other recompense than to know that Bertha and her friends recognized his readiness to risk anything for her sake?

Such astounding injustice and ingratitude, on the part of her own brother, filled him with rage and grief. He could make no reply to such a charge as that.

"How much do you think you ought to have?" Tom urged, with an exasperating sneer.

"Tom Tazwell," said Toby, "you know no more what is in my mind than a barking dog knows what's going on in the moon!"

And he went about his affairs, while customers coming in prevented Tom from following up his attacks.

All that day, and the next, Mr. Tazwell addressed not a word to Toby, who received his orders from Peters, and from Tom, who was more insolent than ever.

By Wednesday, Toby had made up his mind to endure his employer's silence no longer. A

little before noon he walked into the counting-room, where Mr. Tazwell was seated at his desk.

"Mr. Tazwell," he began, in a voice that trembled despite his utmost efforts to be brave. The merchant turned and gave him a cold look out of his gray eyes. "I was n't here Saturday night—"

The boy had got so far, when he was stopped by his own heart-beats.

"We were made aware of that fact," Mr. Tazwell replied, in his most ominous quiet tones.

His words broke the spell, and Toby took courage.

"For that reason," he said, "I did n't draw my week's pay. As mother has need of the money, I—"

Mr. Tazwell took from his pocket-book a number of bank-notes, which he spread on the desk and turned over with his thumb. Drawing out four one-dollar bills, he shoved them toward Toby, without a word.

So far so good. But what the boy most dreaded to say was still to come. The sight of the bank-notes that were still lying on the desk emboldened him. He fumbled his week's wages in his nervous fingers, and made the venture:

"There is the scow,—Mr. Brunswick's boat that got burnt, and that he expects to be paid twenty dollars for."

"I am sorry for Mr. Brunswick," the merchant replied, as if he were expressing regret for something that had occurred at the North Pole.

But Toby was not to be rebuffed. He had got his breath now, and he spoke boldly:

"He looks to me for the pay; and I suppose I must look to you."

"Look to me?" queried the merchant. "I don't understand."

"You mean to say," Toby replied, his heart swelling with something besides fear of his employer, "that you don't understand why you should pay for the boat that was burnt when we were bringing home your hay in it?"

"Certainly; that's just what I mean to say. The boat was borrowed against my advice and without my consent."

"I did n't think so," said Toby. "You told us we had better take the wagon; but when Tom suggested the boat, you did n't object.

Anyway, Tom consented to my borrowing it; he was glad enough to have me. And we were both in your service. And Mr. Brunswick would like to be paid," he added, facing his employer with pale but unflinching looks.

"No doubt," said Mr. Tazwell. "So would I. But I have n't asked you to pay me for my hay, and fork, and rake; let alone Thomas's rifle."

"No," said Toby, "and I should think it strange if you had!"

"It would n't be strange," said the merchant, in a low, even tone, but with an intense glitter in his steady eyes. "Nine employers out of ten would think themselves justified in keeping back the amount out of your wages. But out of regard for your mother, I have n't proposed to do it."

"I am obliged to you for your regard for my mother!" said Toby, aware that his face was growing white.

He meant this for sarcasm, but the politic Tazwell did not see fit to take it so.

"I accept the loss of the hay, but I have nothing to do with the loss of the boat. You borrowed it, and you burned it up. I have heard that Brunswick says he told you he would n't lend it to me,—coupled with some insulting remark that I don't care to repeat."

Toby could not deny this.

"Now, I say if he was foolish enough to lend the scow to you, and you accepted it on such terms, I wash my hands of the result."

"When it was Tom's matches that fired it?" returned Toby.

"It was your interference with Thomas and his matches that caused the accident."

Mr. Tazwell's level tones, as he said this, and the eyes of the man, as he looked piercingly at Toby, even the stoop of his shoulders as he leaned over toward the boy, were full of their most relentless expression. Poor Toby felt that he was losing the battle.

"I did interfere!" he exclaimed. "For I could n't sit still and see him light his cigarette right there on the load of hay. Do you say he did right?"

"By no means. I would n't have him light his cigarette anywhere. I am opposed to his smoking at all. But there is n't the slightest probability that he would have set the hay afire, if you had let him alone—not the slightest."

Toby felt that further argument was useless; and the burning fullness of his heart could not be relieved by any words he was prepared to speak. He stood for a moment, with pale and quivering lips, then silently withdrew.

CHAPTER XV.

TOBY BLACKS HIS EMPLOYER'S BOOTS.

THE boy carried home his meager week's earnings, with an account of his recent interview with Mr. Tazwell.

"It was all I could do to keep my wrath from bursting out on him," he said. "But I held it in. Now there's twenty dollars I must pay Mr. Brunswick out of my own pocket, if I ever can; for I sha'n't let you pay a dollar of it, Mother! I would n't work for Tazwell another day, if it was n't for earning that money."

The widow counseled patience; but it was with pain and pity that she saw him return to the store that afternoon.

Mr. Tazwell now condescended to give him orders, and even Tom spoke to him pleasantly. There was a rather brisk trade, but after five o'clock the customers had departed. Then Mr. Peters went to his supper, in order to come back and remain in the store while the rest went to theirs, and to shut it up afterward.

"Tobias!" Mr. Tazwell called from his office, the door of which was open, "see here a moment."

Toby went, hoping to hear that Mr. Tazwell had something more generous to say regarding the payment for the scow.

"As there seems to be not much else to do just now," said the merchant, "you may take my boots and black them."

It was not the first time he had been required to do that menial service; and he had submitted to it humbly. The boots were on the floor beside the desk. He took them in silence, and carried them to the back room, where he had begun to polish one, when Tom came in.

"While you are about it," Tom said, "you may black mine."

Toby stood with his coat off, his left hand in a boot, and his right holding the brush, and gave Tom a look; remembering all at once

something Tom had predicted, at the time when he announced the failure.

Tom did not heed the look, but taking a pair of boots from a closet, dropped them beside the box where the blacking was kept, and walked out again.

"He said I might be his bootblack some time," thought Toby. "We 'll see!"

He took the time occupied in polishing one boot, to consider what he should do.

"I 'll black his father's boots," he said to himself, "but I won't black Tom's. If that is expected of me, it's time for me to strike. I 'll find out!"

He put down brush and boot, and walked behind the main counter to the office door, bent upon another and perhaps final interview with the merchant.

The door was closed, but not latched; and he overheard Tom talking earnestly within. "Without the slightest intention of being an eaves-dropper, Toby paused, fearing he had chosen a bad time for his visit.

Tom was asking for money to enable him to make some sort of trade for a rifle to replace the one he had lost in the lake.

"Yellow Jacket declares he can't get it; and if he can't, nobody else can. And it's too bad that I should lose a gun that way, through no fault of my own."

"I don't know about that," the father remonstrated, but in the tone of indulgence that usually softened his reproofs of his son. "I have begged you so many times to give up your smoking! If it had n't been for that—"

"If it had n't been for Toby," Tom interrupted him. "If he had only minded his own business. Aleck says he 'll trade for twenty dollars; and everybody knows his rifle's worth more than that and my old shot-gun. Only twenty dollars, father!" pleaded Tom.

Just the sum which Toby himself had asked for to pay Mr. Brunswick for his boat! But how differently was this second request received. It was no longer in Toby's power to cease to listen and to go away.

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do," said Mr. Tazwell. "I 'll give you the twenty dollars, provided you will make me the most solemn promise you ever made in your life, not to smoke any more."

Tom had made several such promises before; but he was ready enough to make another.

"I have n't touched tobacco since that time," he said; "and I don't mean ever to smoke again. I pledge you my word I won't, if you 'll give me the money."

"Well, remember," the father replied, in a tone more of entreaty than command; "and, one thing, Thomas, don't let Toby nor anybody know it. It would n't do, you understand, to have it get out, just now, that I have money to spare for such a purpose."

"But what shall I tell Aleck, if I make the trade?" Tom asked.

"Tell him he must keep the money 'to boot' a secret, and even he may as well be led to suppose you came by it in some other way."

At first, when Toby began to listen to this conversation, the rush of blood to his head made such a roaring sound that he could hardly hear anything else. But that tumult had subsided. He regained his self-possession; and, instead of breaking in impetuously on father and son, as he was tempted to do, he returned quietly to the back room and to his task.

It seemed to take a long time to put a satisfactory polish on the second boot. This might have been owing to his agitated frame of mind; he felt that the crisis had come, and was hardly aware what his hands were doing.

Presently Tom came in haste for his boots.

"Not ready yet?" he said impatiently; "you are a slow coach."

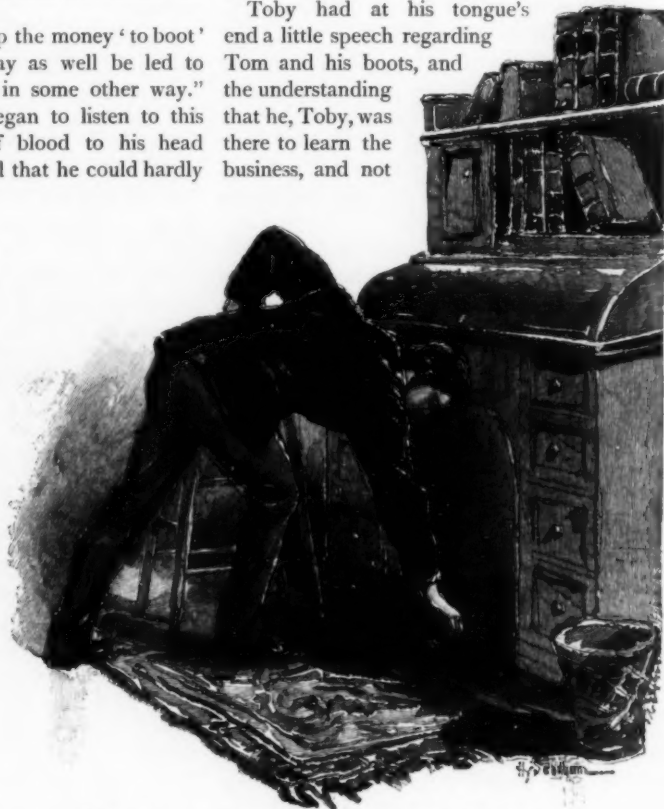
"You may as well take them as they are," Toby replied significantly.

"I won't; and I can't wait any longer for them," Tom declared, as he clapped on his hat and left the store.

"He 's in a hurry to finish his trade with Lick Stevens," thought Toby. And he muttered aloud, with a grim sort of smile: "He would have had to wait a long while, if he had stayed for me to black his boots."

The other pair were now polished, and the owner was calling for them. Toby remained to wash his hands and to put on his coat; then, without haste, but with a swelling heart, obeyed the summons. He found Mr. Tazwell sitting with one shoe off, and showing about as much impatience as it was in his calculating nature ever to betray.

Toby had at his tongue's end a little speech regarding Tom and his boots, and the understanding that he, Toby, was there to learn the business, and not



"TOBY PICKED IT UP AND PUT IT IN HIS POCKET. (SEE PAGE 269.)

for such tasks as he had the most of the time been set to do. But he did not deliver a word of it; a result he would not have believed possible, when he went so resolutely to confront his employer.

For, as he stooped to set down the boots, an

object on the floor fixed his attention, and put everything else for the moment out of his thoughts. It was lying close beside the edge of the desk, that hid it from the merchant's eyes, but not from the boy's. He could almost have picked it up, without being detected in the act; but he made no attempt to do so.

"Try to be a little more prompt in future," said Mr. Tazwell, pulling on one of the neatly-fitting congress-boots, and regarding it. "But you have done them well. And, Tobias," as Toby was retiring, "stay and look after things until Mr. Peters comes back; then you can go home."

He took his hat, and walked off with his cane under one arm, putting on his gloves. Toby watched till he had turned a corner, then stepped back into the office, saw the thing he had noticed still on the floor by the desk, picked it up, and put it into his pocket.

It was a twenty-dollar bank-note.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TWENTY-DOLLAR BANK-NOTE.

IN a short time the clerk, Peters, returned to the store; and Toby, with the bank-note in his breast pocket, and an uncomfortable feeling under it, started for home.

Was it the little monitor, conscience, that troubled him? He could not understand why it should. He had promptly and defiantly declared to himself that he was justified in taking the money and keeping it, and handing it over to Mr. Brunswick in payment for the scow.

"Yes! and even if I should keep it myself," he argued, "where would be the wrong? Has n't *he*"—meaning the merchant—"kept back from us a hundred times as much, and more, by downright dishonesty? But this is n't dishonest, to get back a little that he owes us, when it seems as if it had been dropped on purpose under my very hand."

But suppose the money should be missed, as it probably would be, and he should be accused and questioned? It was n't so pleasant thinking of that, but he reasoned:

"They can't call it stealing, for I won't deny anything. 'Yes! I found the money, and I went straight and handed it over to the rightful

owner. The rightful owner is Mr. Brunswick; I gave it to him.' That 's what I 'll say, and they may make the most of it."

So, with his coat buttoned over the bank-note in his pocket, and the uneasy feeling under it in his unreasoning heart, he took his way homeward, along one of the shady village streets.

The parsonage was to be passed, and he was rather sorry he chose that way, when he discovered Tom Tazwell talking with Aleck the Little, in front of the gate. They seemed to have two guns under discussion, one of which Aleck had leaned against the fence, while Tom poised and aimed, and carefully examined the other.

All this Toby saw when he was far enough off to have changed his course and taken another way home, perhaps without being noticed by either of the boys. But why should he avoid Tom? At all events he must n't appear to avoid him now, he said to himself as he walked straight on.

But while he was still at a distance, sudden and strange movements on Tom's part attracted his attention. Holding the gun by his side while it rested on the ground, he felt in one of his pockets, gave a start, felt in another; then, handing the gun to Lick Stevens, explored all his pockets with an air of wonder and consternation.

"He has missed the money just as he was going to pay it over and close the bargain," said Toby to himself, with a thrill of interest. "He sees me! I must n't laugh!" For the thrill touched his risibilities, and he shook with suppressed convulsions of merriment.

Having evidently satisfied himself that the money was lost, Tom put back those of his pockets which he had turned wrong side out, and started to walk very fast toward the store. Then he saw Toby. Lick, meanwhile, with both guns in his keeping, leaned by the gate-post, watching his friend with an incredulous smile.

To hide his emotion, and give the muscles of his face some mechanical employment, Toby called out: "What 's the matter, Tom?"

"Have you come straight from the store?" asked Tom anxiously.

"As straight as convenient, with a corner to turn," Toby replied, as unconcernedly as possible. "Why?"

"Have you seen—have you picked up?" (Tom hesitated) "anything by the way?"

"I have seen lots of things by the way," said Toby.

"But I—I might have dropped it—I went home for my shot-gun," said Tom; "you did n't go up to the house?"

"Not to-day," replied Toby. "What have you dropped?"

"No matter," said Tom suddenly. "I thought I had it in my vest pocket, and how I ever lost it is a perfect mystery. Did you go into the office after I left?" Tom was recovering from his bewilderment, and beginning to retrace in memory all his movements since his father gave him the money.

"Yes," said Toby; "I carried your father his boots."

Tom was fearful that the bank-note, if he inquired for it explicitly, would be connected immediately with his trade for Lick Stevens's gun; a difficulty which Toby perceived. A moment later Tom hurried away.

When Toby approached the parsonage gate, he found Aleck the Little laughing derisively; and it was a relief to Toby to be able to laugh, too. "Tom did that pretty well, did n't he?" said the parson's son. "He would make a tip-top actor!"

"How so?" Toby asked.

"He was going to trade for my rifle; and he was to give me his fowling-piece and twenty dollars."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes," said Aleck; "but you must n't tell. He made me promise not to; for he said he was ashamed of giving so much to boot. Now, see the fellow's craft. He's just like his dad, for all the world."

"I don't understand," replied Toby.

"Don't you see?" said Lick. "He had no twenty dollars! It was only a pretense. Now, he'll be back here in a little while, and beg me to trust him for the money, because he has been so unlucky as to lose it. He had already teased me to make the trade, without the cash down, but I would n't. Do you blame me?"

"Not a bit!" said Toby.

He wondered how Aleck could bring himself to speak in that way of Tom, whose most intimate friend he professed to be; yet he was not ill-pleased to hear Tom belittled. It was with quite altered feelings that he now went on homeward.

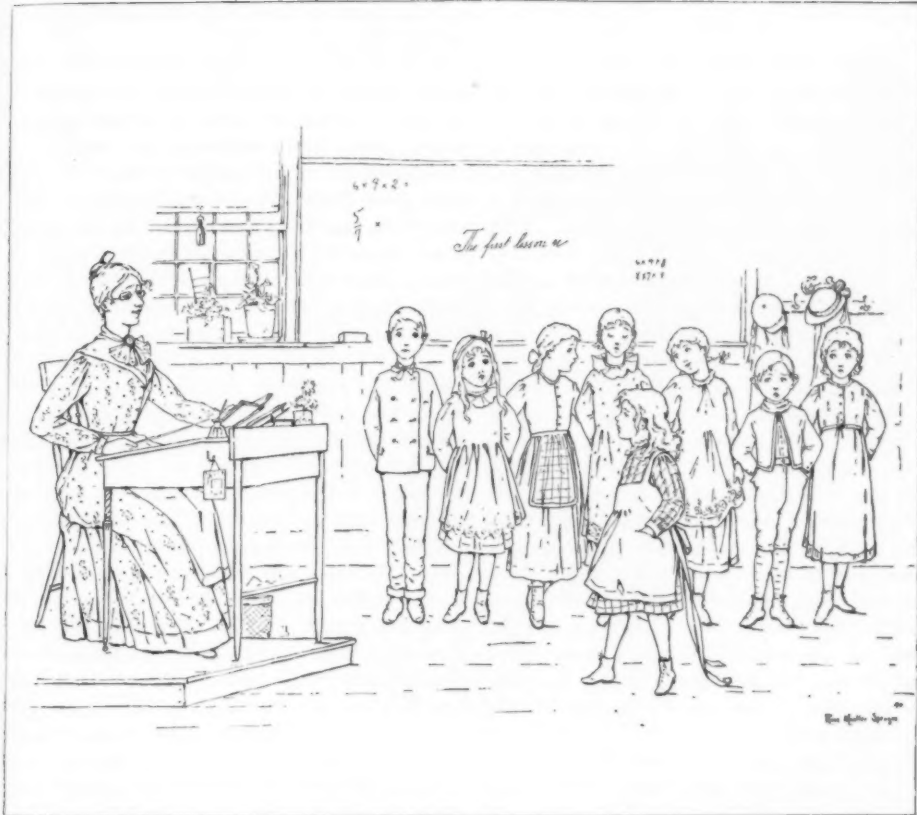
"If the money is missed," he said to himself, "it will be accounted for well enough; Tom had it, and has no idea how or where he lost it! It will never be traced to me."

(To be continued.)



GOING TO THE HEAD.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.



SWIFTLY past the rueful class,
With a skipping tread,
Little Mary Ellen 's
Going to the head.

Roughly straying yellow locks,
Ribbon lost at play,
But she is the one who spelled
The word the proper way.

Apron-strings that all untied
Switch the dusty floor—
Little, unkempt, heedless maid,
Her victory counts the more.

Quality is in oneself,
After all is said—
Little Mary Ellen 's
Going to the head.

THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

(*Begun in the November number.*)

III.

THE WINNING OF THE FLEECE.

NEXT morning the heroes awoke, and left the ship moored in the river's mouth, hidden by tall reeds, for they took down the mast, lest it should be seen. Then they walked toward the city of Colchis, and they passed through a strange and horrible wood. Dead men, bound together with cords, were hanging from the branches, for the Colchis people buried women, but hung dead men from the branches of trees. Then they came to the palace, where King Æetes lived, with his young son Absyrtus, and his daughter Chalciope, who had been the wife of Phrixus, and his younger daughter, Medea, who was a witch, and the priestess of Brimo — a dreadful goddess. Now, Chalciope came out and she welcomed Jason, for she knew the heroes were of her dear husband's country. And beautiful Medea, the dark witch-girl, saw Jason, and as soon as she saw him she loved him more than her father and her brother and all her father's house. For his bearing was gallant, and his armor golden, and long yellow hair fell over his shoulders, and over the leopard skin that he wore above his armor. And she turned white and then red, and cast down her eyes, but Chalciope took the heroes to the baths, and gave them food. Then Æetes asked them why they came, and they told him that they desired the Fleece of Gold. Then he was very angry, and told them that only to a better man than himself would he give up that Fleece. If any wished to prove himself worthy of it he must tame two bulls which breathed flame from their nostrils, and must plow four acres with these bulls. And then he must sow the field with the teeth of a dragon, and these teeth when sown would immediately grow up into armed men. Jason said that, as it must be, he would try this adven-

ture, but he went sadly enough back to the ship and did not notice how kindly Medea was looking after him as he went.

Now, in the dead of night, Medea could not sleep, because she was so sorry for the stranger, and she knew that she could help him by her magic. Then she remembered how her father would burn her for a witch if she helped Jason, and a great shame came on her that she should prefer a stranger to her own people. So she arose in the dark, and stole just as she was to her sister's room, a white figure roaming like a ghost in the palace. And at her sister's door she turned back in shame, saying, "No, I will never do it," and she went back again, and came again, and knew not what to do; but at last she returned to her own bower, and threw herself on her bed, and wept. And her sister heard her weeping, and came to her, and they cried together, but softly, that no one might hear them. For Chalciope was as eager to help the Greeks for love of her dead husband, as Medea was for love of Jason. And at last Medea promised to carry to the temple of the goddess of whom she was a priestess a drug that would tame the bulls. But still she wept and wished she were dead, and had a mind to slay herself; yet, all the time, she was longing for the dawn, that she might go and see Jason, and give him the drug, and see his face once more, if she was never to see him again. So, at dawn she bound up her hair, and bathed her face, and took the drug, which was pressed from a flower. That flower first blossomed when the eagle shed the blood of Prometheus on the earth. The virtue of the juice of the flower was this, that if a man anointed himself with it, he could not that day be wounded by swords, and fire could not burn him. So she placed it in a vial beneath her girdle, and so she went secretly to the temple of the goddess. And Jason had been warned by Chalciope to meet her there, and he was coming with Mopsus who knew the speech of birds. Then Mopsus heard a crow

that sat on a poplar tree, speaking to another crow, and saying :

"Here comes a silly prophet, and sillier than a goose. He is walking with a young man to meet a maid, and does not know that, while he is there to hear, the maid will not say a word that is in her heart. Go away, foolish prophet ; it is not you she cares for."

Then Mopsus smiled, and stopped where he was ; but Jason went on, where Medea was pretending to play with the girls, her companions. When she saw Jason she felt as if she could not come forward, nor go back, and she was very pale. But Jason told her not to be afraid, and asked her to help him, but for long she could not answer him ; however, at the last, she gave him the drug, and taught him how to use it. "So shall you carry the Fleece to Iolcos, far from here ; but what is it to me where you go, when you have gone from here ? Still remember the name of me, Medea, as I shall remember you. And may there come to me some voice, or some bird with the message, whenever you have quite forgotten me !"

But Jason answered, "Lady, let the winds blow what voice they will, and what that bird will, let him bring. But no wind nor bird shall ever bear the news that I have forgotten you, if you will cross the sea with me, and be my wife."

Then she was glad, and yet she was afraid, at the thought of that dark voyage, with a stranger, from her father's home, and her own.

So they parted, Jason to the ship, and Medea to the palace. But in the morning Jason anointed himself and his armor with the drug, and all the heroes struck at him with spears and swords, but the swords would not bite on him nor on his armor. And he felt so strong and light that he leaped in the air with joy, and the sun shone on his glittering shield. Now they



JASON AND MEDEA.

all went up together to the field where the bulls were breathing flame. There already was Æetes, and Medea, and all the Colchians had come to see Jason die. A plow had been brought, to which he was to harness the bulls. Then he walked up to them, and they blew

fire at him that flamed all round him, but the magic drug protected him. He took a horn of one bull in his right hand, and a horn of

utes of striking and shouting, while the sparks of fire sprang up from helmet, and breastplate, and shield. And the furrow ran red with blood,



JASON FLOWS WITH THE FIRE-BREATHING BULLS.

the other in his left, and dashed their heads together so mightily that they fell. When they rose, all trembling, he yoked them to the plow, and drove them with his spear, till all the field was plowed in straight ridges and furrows. Then he dipped his helmet in the river, and drank water, for he was weary; and next he sowed the dragon's teeth on the right and left. Then you might see spear points, and sword points, and crests of helmets break up from the soil like shoots of corn, and presently the earth was shaken like sea waves, as armed men leaped out of the furrows, all furious for battle. But Jason, as Medea had told him to do, caught up a great rock, and threw it among them, and he who was struck said to his neighbor, "You struck me. Take that!" and hewed him down through the helmet; but another said, "You shall not strike him!" and ran his spear through that man's breast, but before he could draw it out another man had cleft his helmet with a stroke, and so it went. A few min-

utes of striking and shouting, while the sparks of fire sprang up from helmet, and breastplate, and shield. And the furrow ran red with blood, and wounded men crawled on hands and knees to strike or stab those that were yet standing and fighting. So ax and sword and spear flashed and fell, till now all the men were down but one, taller and stronger than the rest. Round him he looked, and saw only Jason standing there, and he staggered toward him, bleeding, and lifting his great ax above his head. But Jason only stepped aside from the blow which would have cloven him to the waist, the last blow of the Men of the Dragon's Teeth, for he who struck fell, and there he lay, and died.

Then Jason went to the king, where he sat looking darkly on, and said, "O King, the field is plowed, the seed is sown, the harvest is reaped. Give me now the Fleece of Gold, and let me be gone." But the king said, "Enough is done. To-morrow is a new day. To-morrow shall you win the Fleece."

Then he looked sideways at Medea, and she knew that he suspected her, and she was afraid.

Now Æetes went and sat brooding over his wine with the captains of his people; and his mood was bitter, both for loss of the Fleece, and because Jason had won it not by his own prowess, but by magic aid of Medea. And, as for Medea herself, it was the king's purpose to put her to a cruel death, and this she needed not her witchery to know. And a fire was in her eyes, and terrible sounds were ringing in her ears, and it seemed she had but one choice, to drink poison and die, or to flee with the heroes in the ship, "Argo." But at last flight seemed better than death. So she hid all her engines of witchcraft in the folds of her gown, and she kissed her bed where she would never sleep again, and the posts of the door, and she caressed the very walls with her hand in that last sad farewell. And she cut a long lock of her yellow hair, and left it in the room, a keepsake to her mother dear, in memory of her maiden days. "Good-by, my mother," she said, "this long lock I leave thee in place of me; good-by, a long good-by to me who am going on a long journey: good-by, my sister Chalciope, good-by; dear house, good-by."

Then she stole from the house, and the bolted doors leaped open of their own accord, at the swift spell Medea murmured. With her bare feet she ran down the grassy paths, and the daisies looked black against the white feet of Medea. So she sped to the temple of the goddess, and the moon overhead looked down on her. Many a time had she darkened the moon's face with her magic song, and now the Lady Moon gazed white upon her, and said, "I am not, then, the only one that wanders in the night for love, as I love Endymion the sleeper, who wakens never! Many a time hast thou darkened my face with thy songs, and made night black with thy sorceries. And now,

thou too art in love! So go thy way, and bid thy heart endure, for a sore fate is before thee."

But Medea hastened on till she came to the high river bank, and saw the heroes, merry at their wine in the light of a blazing fire. Thrice she called aloud, and they heard her, and came to her, and she said, "Save me, my friends, for all is known, and my death is sure. And I will



THE HARVEST OF THE DRAGON'S TEETH. (SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

give you the Fleece of Gold for the price of my life."

Then Jason swore that she should be his wife, and more dear to him than all the world. And she went aboard their boat, and swiftly they rowed to the dark wood where the dragon who never sleeps lay guarding the Fleece of Gold. And she landed, and Jason, and Orpheus with his harp, and through the wood they went, but that old serpent saw them coming, and hissed so loud that women wakened in Colchis town, and children cried to their mothers. But Orpheus struck softly on his harp,

and he sang a hymn to Sleep, bidding him come and cast a slumber on the dragon's wakeful eyes.

This was the song he sang :

Sleep ! King of gods and men !
Come to my call again,
Swift over field and fen,
Mountain and deep :
Come, bid the waves be still ;
Sleep, streams on height and hill ;
Beasts, birds, and snakes, thy will
Conquereth, Sleep !
Come on thy golden wings,
Come ere the swallow sings,
Lulling all living things,
Fly they or creep !
Come with thy leaden wand,
Come with thy kindly hand,
Soothing on sea or land
Mortals that weep,
Come from the cloudy west,
Soft over brain and breast,
Bidding the Dragon rest,
Come to me, Sleep !

This was Orpheus's song, and he sang so sweetly that the bright small eyes of the Dragon closed, and all his hard coils softened and uncurled. Then Jason set his foot on the Dragon's neck, and hewed off his head, and lifted down the Golden Fleece from the sacred oak tree, and it shone like a golden cloud at dawn. But he waited not to wonder at it, but he and Medea and Orpheus hurried through the wet wood-paths to the ship, and threw it on board, cast a cloak over it, and bade the heroes sit down to the oars, half of them, but the others to take their shields, and stand each beside the oarsmen, to guard them from the arrows of the Colchians. Then he cut the stern-cables with his sword, and softly they rowed, under the bank, down the dark river to the sea. But by this time the hissing of the Dragon had awakened the Colchians, and lights were flitting by the palace windows, and Æetes was driving in his chariot with all his men, down to the banks of the river. Then

their arrows fell like hail about the ship, but they rebounded from the shields of the heroes, and the swift ship sped over the bar, and leaped as she felt the first waves of the salt sea.

And now the Fleece was won. But it was weary work bringing it home to Greece, and that is another story. For Medea and Jason did a deed which angered the gods. They slew her brother Absyrtus, who followed after them with a fleet. And the gods would not let them return by the way they had come, but by strange ways where never another ship has sailed. Up the Istes (the Danube) they rowed, through countries of savage men, till the Argo could go no further, by reason of the narrowness of the stream. Then they hauled her overland, where no man knows, but they launched her on the Elbe at last, and out into a sea where never sail had been seen. Then they were driven wandering out into Ocean, and to a fairy far-off Isle where Lady Circe dwelt, and to the Sirens' Isles, where the singing women of the sea beguile the mariners ; but about all these there is a better story, which you may some day read, the story of Odysseus, Laertes' son. And at last the west wind drove them back through the Pillars of Heracles, and so home to waters they knew, and to Iolcos itself, and there they landed with the Fleece, and the heroes all went home. And Jason was crowned king, at last, on his father's throne, but he had little joy of his kingdom, for between him and beautiful Medea was the memory of her brother, whom they had slain. And the long story ends but sadly, for they had no happiness at home, and at last they went different ways, and Medea sinned again, a dreadful sin to revenge an evil deed of Jason's. For she was a woman that knew only hate and love, and where she did not love with all her heart, with all her heart she hated. But on his dying day it may be that he remembered her, when all grew dark around him, and down the ways of night the Golden Fleece floated like a cloud upon the wind of death.

THE END.



A COLD WEATHER FREDICAMENT IN 1791.

TO PRINCE ORIC.

(Six Years Old.)

DO you remember, centuries gone by,
 When you were Prince, and I, your subject, came
 To kiss your hand and swell the loud acclaim
 Wherewith the people greeted you, and cry—
 “Long life, and love, and glory, oh, most high
 And puissant lord!”—the city was aflame
 With torches; banners streamed; and knight and dame
 Knelt at your feet—your proud smile made reply.
 I think you *do* remember; for I caught
 That same swift smile upon your royal lips
 When once again (the centuries’ long eclipse
 At end), I found my monarch, and my homage brought:
 “Long life, and love, and glory, now as then!”
 And you?—your smile is my reward again.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

ELFIE'S VISIT TO CLOUDLAND AND THE MOON.

BY FRANCES V. AND E. J. AUSTEN.



TRICK THE FIFTH.
MOTHER GOOSE AND
HER TROUBLES.
THE CELEBRATED
BROOMSTICK.

LD Mother Goose evidently did not hear what Santa Claus said, for she came hobbling along, humming to herself in a cracked voice:

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe —"

"None of that!" shouted Santa Claus, and the clatter of the icicles, which fell in a perfect shower, made Mother Goose look up.

"None of that!" repeated Santa Claus. "I am so tired of that old woman and her everlasting shoe that I am thinking of having her scratched out of my new books. If you have n't any new rhyme you had better go home again."

"Ho! ho!" cried Mother Goose. "You ungrateful soul, you! Why, that old poem — yes, I insist upon it — *poem*," she repeated, striking her stick on the ground, "that old *poem* has pleased more children than you could count in a month of Sundays! None of the modern poets seem to know how to write to please the babies. Here are the last verses I've received. Read 'em! read 'em! and then tear 'em all up. I declare that unless I get some really good ones before next Christmas I'll just send out the same old batch! The children never seem to get tired of *those*. Listen to this nonsense," added the old lady, taking a sheet from the bundle.

MRS. ARITHMETIC'S PARTY.

MRS. ARITHMETIC gave a fine ball
To little and great, to big and to small;
No one was neglected; she tried very hard
Not to leave out one person who should get a card.
There was sweet Miss Addition, the first one to come,
And she footed it gaily with young Mr. Sum,
Who, 't was easy to see, was her favorite. Though
Subtraction proposed, she had answered him — No!

This refusal, of course, made Subtraction quite solemn,
And he left very early, hid away in a column.
Then Multiplication, that jolly old elf,
Who was always on very good terms with himself
(Though all those who knew the same Multiplication
Declared that he caused them unending vexation).
Division came later, and, needless to say,
Behaved himself meanly, as is always his way.
He made friends into foes, and spoiled all the fun
Of the poor little figures, from 9 down to 1.
The cute little Fractions were there (very small)
With their brothers the Decimals, not quite so tall,
And every one present had brought his relations,
None prouder than Lord Algebraic Equations.
The Duke Logarithm and the Count Trigonometry
Had quite a long chat with the Marquis Geometry.
Only five of the figures danced in the quadrille,
Six, Seven, and Eight went away feeling ill,
While old Mr. Nine, who ate a large supper,
Sat down in the library and read Martin Tupper.
At last it was time for the people to go;
Each charming young figure selected her beau,
And in leaving their hostess, they said, one and all,
They had greatly enjoyed Dame Arithmetic's ball.

"Fancy giving that for the mamas to read to their babies. They always will put too many *ideas* into the poetry. They will be expecting the babies to *think*, next thing we know!



THE GREEDY BOY.

"Here's another one. Did you ever hear the like?"

Why is the little boy crying?

Why does the little boy cry?

He has eaten so much of the rare roast beef,

He has no room left for the pie.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed jolly old Santa Claus. "Old Mother Goose is suffering from what men and women on earth call Pro-fes-sion-al Jeal-ous-y. We shall have to give you some medicine in the shape of some ad-verse crit-i-cism. That will cure you! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh, you will, will you?—you 'll give me some of that medicine, will you? You would better not! Why, there is not a man nor a woman on earth who has ever been a child who would not rise up and declare such conduct shameful! No, sir; you would better not—so take my advice. As for the poets, I have given them up, long ago, as hopeless. So many of them have taken to living altogether up here 'in the clouds,' and they bother me all the time for orders to compose new rhymes for the children; but I have forbidden them to stir outside of the gardens of their own house.

"Then the house where they live when they are in the clouds, I am sure is just like a lunatic asylum, for they strut about declaiming and making up new poems on everything that takes place on earth, so that it is really quite laughable to see them.

"Some of them are nice, lovable people, and I take care they are not bothered by the noisy ones; but some are quite dangerous, and one class, especially, I have had to shut up by themselves. They call them on earth, the Spring poets—they are dreadful, indeed. But there, Santa Claus! I can't stay here chattering to you; just look through that lot of nonsense when you have time, and if you find anything worth saving, save it.

"Mercy on us! Who is that?" said the old lady suddenly, as she caught sight of Elfie. "Dearie, dearie me!" she said, setting her spectacles straight, "I declare, child, you gave me quite a turn. I actually thought it was Contrary Mary, who had run away again. Come here, and let me look at you," and Mother Goose fell back into an arm-chair which

one of the little goblins had brought for her, and beamed so sweetly on Elfie that the little girl slipped down from Santa Claus's knee and ran into the kind old lady's outstretched arms.

"And what is your name, my dear?" said the dame, after embracing Elfie and setting her on a



"'MERCY ON US! WHO IS THAT?' SAID THE OLD LADY SUDDENLY."

footstool, which had risen through the floor at a nod from E-ma-ji-na-shun.

"I 'm Elfie," replied the little girl.

"Elfie, eh?—and a dear sweet little girl you look," said old Mother Goose; "and so you have started out with old E-ma-ji-na-shun to



"THEY STRUT ABOUT DECLAIMING AND MAKING UP NEW POEMS."

explore the wonders of Cloudland, have you? Well—well—there are not many little girls like you who come up here. Nearly everybody waits till they are older; but we love the children best, after all," and she stooped down and kissed Elfie again. "Now, what, of all that I

can show you, would you like to see most?" Mother Goose asked.

"Oh!" said Elfie, "I want to see where you live, and I want to see the Old Woman who lives in the shoe, and Jack and Jill, and Tommy Tucker, and Jack Horner, and Jack Sprat, and Little Bo-peep."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mother Goose, "and so you shall, my lamb, you shall see them all, and more, too; and what is better, I will give you a ride on my broomstick. What do you think of that?"



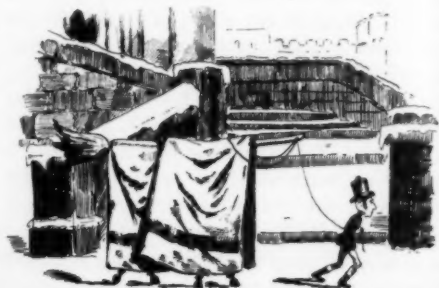
ELFIE MAKES A TRIAL TRIP ON THE BROOMSTICK.

Elfie was at first a little timid about riding on the broomstick; but, at the kind old lady's suggestion, she made a short trial trip on a broom that happened to be in the room and found it delightful. Then she did not know how to say enough, but she said "Thank you!" over and over again until Mother Goose stopped her with a kiss.

"Come along then, dearie! E-ma-ji-na-shun will come with us, for you could not go a step up here without him. Say good-bye to Santa Claus, and we will start at once, for I must get home and give Little Boy Blue his supper, and see that Contrary Mary has n't run away again."

Elfie went up and kissed Santa Claus, and

started out with Mother Goose. They passed through the wonderful entrance, across the terraces, and down the snow steps.



THE CELEBRATED BROOMSTICK BEING LED UP AND DOWN.

There Elfie saw one of Santa Claus's sprites leading the celebrated broomstick up and down, for Mother Goose said he had become rather warm on the way from her dwelling, and she did not care to leave him standing still in the snow for fear that he might become chilled.

Elfie examined the famous stick very curiously, for she had often wondered how a broomstick could make such journeys as this one did. She was rather surprised, and a wee bit disappointed, to see that it was nothing but an ordinary every-day broomstick, with a very old,

worn-out broom at one end. Mother Goose took it from the goblin who had been looking after it, and taking it by the handle sat down on it, exactly as a lady would take a seat on



MOTHER GOOSE, ELFIE, AND E-MA-JI-NA-SHUN JOURNEYING ON THE BROOMSTICK.

a horse; Elfie took a seat in front of her, while E-ma-ji-na-shun jumped on behind and perched himself gracefully on the broom-part.

No sooner was Mother Goose seated than the stick began to jump and dance about, and, after one or two leaps as if to show its powers, away it went sailing through the air; keeping well up above the tallest trees.

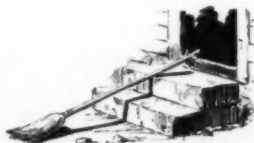
Elfie thought it delightful, and told Mother Goose so, but the old lady was too busy managing her steed to be able to give much attention to her. They flew and flew till they came in sight of what looked to Elfie like an enormous book standing on end; one of the covers was toward them, and the broomstick, guided



THE HOME OF MOTHER GOOSE.

by Mother Goose, descended gently to the ground in front of it.

"Here we are at home!" said Mother Goose, and she took Elfie in her arms and jumped down from the broomstick; which at once started of its own accord in the direction of the stable.



TRICK THE SIXTH.

MOTHER GOOSE'S HOME, AND ALL THE STORIES. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD TELLS ELFIE ABOUT THE FAIRY-STORY PEOPLE. A PIECE OF THE MOON.



"HY, what a funny house it is!" cried Elfie, taking a good look at what Mother Goose called her home.

"It looks like a great book."

"Yes, my dear, that is just what it is intended to be," said the old lady. "You see it is quite different from other houses, for though it is built in stories the stories are one behind the other, just like a book, a story for every leaf. Come along, now, and you shall see."

Mother Goose clapped her hands and instantly the cover of this wonderful book flew open. But we must not forget what a splendid sight this cover was. It was covered with all sorts of the loveliest colors, and pictures of all of Mother Goose's children done in gold and silver. It was like the outside of the finest Christmas book you ever saw, only a thousand times more beautiful.

Well, when the cover flew open, Elfie saw the first story and a wonderful sight it was. There was the old woman that lived in the celebrated shoe, and scores upon scores of children ran about the place laughing and shouting at the top of their voices, and evidently driving the old woman nearly crazy. The old woman herself looked older and more wrinkled than anybody whom Elfie had ever seen, and she seemed to be worrying herself all the time about the behavior of the children, for she would run about in every direction, correcting this one, punishing the other, or kissing another, just as she thought each deserved.

The shoe had a door in the side and was as big as an ordinary house; a line of windows was in front where the holes for the laces would be in a real shoe, and the roof was made of what looked like a stocking stuffed into the top. On a big sign in front was written the story:

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
Who had so many children, she did n't know what
to do;

So she gave them some broth, without any bread,
And spanked them all soundly and sent them to bed.

Elfie wanted to stay and play with the children; but Mother Goose told her that, if she did,

his supper, and was introduced to Jack Sprat and his wife. Then she had a long talk with Little Bo-peep, who told her all about losing the sheep, and she met Miss Muffet and the spider.

It took them a long time to see all the book, but they were through at last, and old Mother Goose said:

"Now I will show you some other friends of yours. They don't properly belong to my family, but as I am in the story-telling business, they are placed in my charge to take care of. Look this way!"

Elfie looked up and saw a very pretty cottage, and there, leaning out of the window, was a lovely little girl with blue eyes and golden hair, and a red hood on her head.

In front of the door, and almost blocking it up, was a dreadful sight—nothing else than a hideous wolf, stone dead.

"Little Red Riding Hood!" cried Elfie. "Do let me go up to her and kiss her!" She knocked at the door, and a sweet little voice inside called out:

"Pull the string of the latch and walk in."

Elfie pulled the string and the door opened. She ran upstairs, and after kissing Little Red

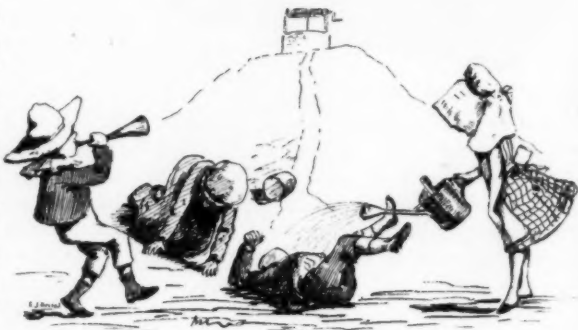


"THE SHOE HAD A DOOR IN THE SIDE AND WAS AS BIG AS AN ORDINARY HOUSE."

the old woman might punish her and send her to bed just as she did the others. So, after a little while they passed on to the second story.

Here lived Jack and Jill, Contrary Mary, and Little Boy Blue. They were having a game all together, and Mother Goose gave Elfie permission to join in. Jack and Jill would walk up a little hill at the end of a long walk, to a well that was at the top, where they would fill a pail with water. Then they would start back, carrying the pail between them—when they would trip up and come tumbling down with the pail of water rolling after them. Then Contrary Mary would at once sprinkle them with her watering-pot, while Little Boy Blue blew a loud toot-toot on his horn; and everybody laughed till it was time for Jack and Jill to start off again. On the walls were big sheets of paper with the stories of Jack and Jill, Contrary Mary, and Little Boy Blue.

After leaving this story they went through the others. Elfie saw Jack Horner eating the celebrated pie, out of which he picked a plum for her; she heard little Tom Tucker sing for



LITTLE BOY BLUE, JACK AND JILL, AND CONTRARY MARY.

Riding Hood (for she felt as if they were old friends) she sat down with her on the edge of the snow-white bed, and began to ask her about her adventures and how she came there.

"Well, dear," said Red Riding Hood, "you must know that after my grandmother was eaten up, and the horrid wolf was killed, there was no one to live in the cottage. So the people of Cloudland said that as the earth children would always love to hear my story, it would be best for me to live here forever, and keep the wolf, just as he was killed, in front of the door; so that any one who disbelieved the story, could see us both and know it was true."

"How deeply interesting," said Elfie; "but do you live here all by yourself? Don't you ever see anybody?"

"Oh, yes," replied Red Riding Hood. "Cin-



"AT THE WINDOW WAS A LOVELY LITTLE GIRL."

derella lives in the palace you see over there, and she often calls, and the Sleeping Beauty is not far away. Then Jack the Giant Killer calls every Saturday evening," she added with a pretty blush. "He wishes me to marry him when we grow up, but I do not think they will let us marry," she sighed.

"Then the two Babes that were lost in the Wood are buried under the leaves close by here, and the Robins often come and tell me their sad story.

"Oh, yes," she went on, "I have lots of company; all the people in the fairy-story books are good friends of mine, and we sometimes have a big picnic in the woods all together.

"Puss in Boots and Hop-o'-my-thumb make

great fun for us, and sometimes when Blue Beard or some of the other people won't behave, we get E-ma-ji-na-shun to give them indigestion, so that they get quite ill and keep quiet."

"And how *are* Cinderella and her prince, and the Sleeping Beauty and *her* prince, and all the rest of the good people?" asked Elfie, full of curiosity.

"Oh, they are all well and happy," replied Red Riding Hood. "You see, we story-book people, after our stories are finished, just go on living happily forever."

"Is n't that splendid!" said Elfie. "But Mother Goose is waiting for me. Good-bye, dear; I am so glad to have met you!"

"Good-bye, Elfie! Call again when you come to Cloudland. Good-bye!" and Elfie ran down to Mother Goose, who had waited for her in front of the house.

"Now, Elfie, child, what is the next thing you wish to see in Cloudland?" said Mother Goose, with a smile.

"The toys and the dollies," said Elfie, at once.

Mother Goose clapped her hands. E-ma-ji-na-shun touched Elfie on the shoulder, and before she quite knew what had happened Elfie found herself flying toward the Cave of the North Wind. But what toys and dolls she saw in that region is told in another part of her adventures.

TRICK THE SEVENTH.

THE TOY CASTLE. THE WONDERFUL THINGS AND FUNNY SIGHTS THAT ELFIE SAW THERE. MAGGIE MAY. THE INVALID DOLL.

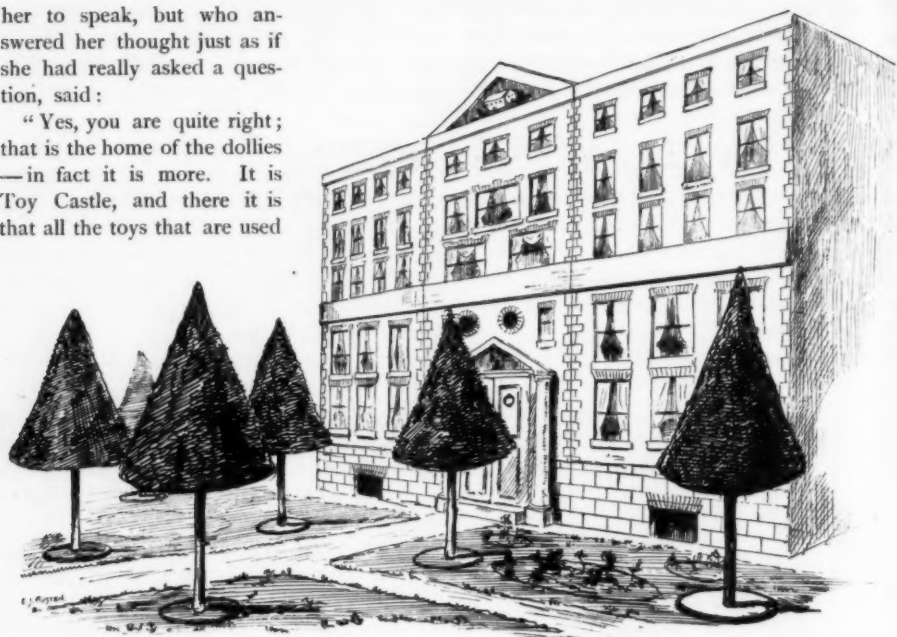


NOT very far from the crimson lake on which floated the iceberg which contained the cave of the North Wind, Elfie saw a very large castle which was quite different from the others she had seen. It somehow reminded her of the doll's house which she had at home, although it was a thousand times larger: and she thought to herself, "I wonder if that is where the dollies live."

E-ma-ji-na-shun, who never seemed to require

her to speak, but who answered her thought just as if she had really asked a question, said :

"Yes, you are quite right ; that is the home of the dollies —in fact it is more. It is Toy Castle, and there it is that all the toys that are used



TOY CASTLE : WHERE THE DOLLIES LIVE.

on earth are made and stored. Let us go and see them !"

In front of the castle or house or villa (Elfie hardly knew which to call it, for it looked not unlike either of them), was a very pretty garden, set thick with toy trees, and laid out with imitation flower-beds and gravel walks. The front of the house was a queer mixture of a castle, a villa, and a doll's house. They opened the front gate and walked up the path leading to the front door ; on each side of this walk were little green trees, all placed very neatly on round stands and carefully arranged in two perfectly straight lines. They were all neatly painted a bright green, and were evidently the pride of the doll



THE DOLL GARDENER.

gardener who attended them, and who was leaning against the fence.

When they reached the door, which was painted green like the trees, they saw it was adorned with a very handsome knocker and that there were also two bell-handles, one on each door-post. To make quite sure, they pulled each bell and knocked a rat-tat-tat on the knocker. They had not long to wait before the door was opened by a very trim little doll, dressed in a neat cotton gown, with a cute, pretty apron, and a tiny lace cap. She was not half as tall as Elfie, and had to stand on a chair to reach the door-knob.

She made a stiff little curtsy, and said in a very funny voice :

"Will you be pleased to walk in, madam ?"

She spoke her words without any change in her voice, all on one note like this,



Will you be pleased to walk in, madam. and stopped short at the end as if she spoke by clockwork. "Which is exactly what she

does," said E-ma-ji-na-shun, in answer to Elfie's thought.

They followed the hired-girl dolly into the hallway of the villa, and she turned with funny little jerky steps into the parlor on the right, and



THE DOLL MAID.

held open the door for Elfie and her companion to follow.

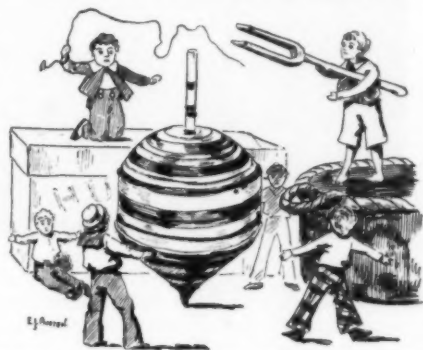
When the little girl looked around the room, she at first thought she must be in an immense toy-store. The ceiling was so high above her head that the paper lanterns hanging from it, with which the room was lighted, seemed like tiny stars. There were thousands of these lamps, and they gave an excellent light. Very little light came in at the windows, for though they were real glass, they were nearly covered by the curtains painted on them. "Just like those in my doll's house!" thought Elfie.

Toys of every kind lay scattered all over the room, and hung from hooks in the walls and ceiling. Some of them Elfie had never seen before, but many looked like those Santa Claus had brought on Christmas Day for her and her little friends. Then there were dolls of all sorts, conditions, and sizes *amusing themselves* in all sorts of ways, while a great number simply hung from the hooks or sat on the shelves, which ran all round the room, and these looked gravely on while the others played.

Some little boy-dolls were having much fun spinning a great top, which was larger than any one of them; more of them were riding around the room on toy bicycles or playing football with a rubber ball, while a group in the corner were trying to break in a very fierce and restive rocking-horse which seemed to take great delight in kicking off the tiny jockeys as soon as they had mounted him.

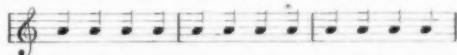
Against one side of the room there was a great pile of dolls, some in boxes, and others simply wrapped in tissue-paper, and most of them only half dressed. There were so many of them that Elfie could only just see the top of the heap as it extended toward the ceiling.

Then on the floor, on the chairs, on the tables, were other dolls, big dolls and little dolls, white dolls, black dolls, red dolls, gentlemen-dolls, and lady-dolls, though by far the greater number were ladies; walking about and talking with sweet little clockwork voices, and playing all sorts of cute little games. Some of the ladies were dressed most gorgeously in satin, silk, tulle or lace; and, as Elfie stood looking at them with delight, a band of toy musicians struck up the "Blue Danube" waltz, and straightway a space was cleared on the floor, the dolls took partners,



"SOME LITTLE BOY-DOLLS WERE HAVING MUCH FUN SPINNING A GREAT TOP."

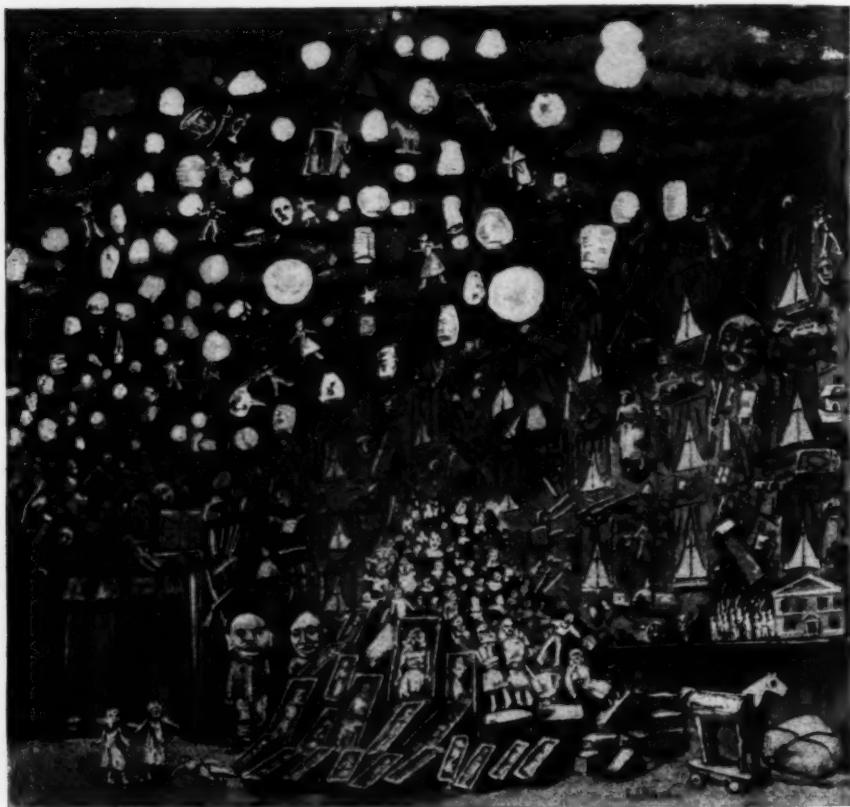
and away they started with a dance. Round and round the room they flew, and no doubt they would have danced forever if the music had not stopped with a loud click! The conductor of the orchestra came forward and said:



Ladies and gentlemen, the band needs winding up!

Then the dolls who had been dancing walked around the room three or four times, arm in arm; and the gentlemen-dolls said to the lady-dolls, "May I bring you something?—ice-cream or lemonade?" and some of the ladies

While Elfie was laughing and enjoying the sight, with the aid of E-ma-ji-na-shun, who explained everything she did not quite understand, one of the lady-dolls who was very richly dressed in a purple silk polonaise, with a canary satin



THE PARLOR OF TOY CASTLE.

said, "No, thank you; I am not the least tired or thirsty,"—and others said, "Well, if you will be so kind, I will take just the tiniest morsel of ice-cream"—or "the smallest drop of lemonade"; and then the gentlemen-dolls would go into the corner and come back with other little waiter-dolls who carried tiny trays with glasses, with real lemonade in them, and dishes with a wee speck of ice-cream, which the lady-dolls tasted, and seemed to enjoy very much, and altogether they appeared to be having a very good time, indeed.

skirt, and real lace at her throat and on the sleeves, came up to her and said:

"How do you do? I am pretty well, thank you. How did you leave your mama and papa? It is very nice weather—I think it will rain to-day"—click!

Elfie had a hard time not to laugh at the strange, squeaky little voice, especially as while the dolly was speaking Elfie could hear the whirr-r-r of the clockwork which served her for lungs. When the young lady had reached "rain to-day," she stopped short, opened her

mouth two or three times without speaking, and then pointed to a keyhole in her shoulder.

"She needs winding up," said E-ma-ji-nashun.

So Elfie took one of the keys that were lying on a table and wound her ladyship up.

Directly it was done, she began again: "You seem to be surprised that we are having such a



"THE DOLLS WHO HAD BEEN DANCING, WALKED AROUND THE ROOM."

good time here. But you see, this is our home, and the home of all the dollies that are made, until a batch of us are sent for to keep up the supply on earth. At Christmas time the house is cleared out entirely, and Santa Claus takes the whole lot with him to supply the little earth-children. Then, during the year, as the children's birthdays come round, more of us are sent for, and it keeps the workmen busy to make us fast enough. Some of the dresses that you see have taken quite a long time to make. The dress that I wear took one of the best of the dolls' dress-makers two whole days to make"—click!

Elfie looked again at the dolly's frock and saw that it was very much finer than any of her own, and the fine lady-doll was gazing quite scornfully at Elfie's gown. But Elfie's mama had taught her not to think so much about her dress as about her behavior, so she said to the doll, gently:

"I suppose you have n't any kind mama to teach you to be good and unselfish; mine has

told me that so long as my clothes are clean and whole, I should never be ashamed of them."

The doll looked surprised and tried to speak but only made a whizzing noise with a click!—click!—and pointed to her shoulder. Elfie wound her up again and she said:

"Why, I never heard of such a thing! All we have to think about up here is the kind of dresses we are going to wear, and the number of times we shall be asked to dance."

"Poor thing!" said Elfie, for she thought of all the loving talks she had had with her kind mama, and the funny stories her papa had told her.

"I hope you can be sent to me on my birthday or next Christmas so that you can hear all the good things I hear."

"So do I," said dolly, "for I shall have to belong to somebody, and I would rather be given to you than to some little girl who would not be so kind to me."

"I would give you the loveliest name!" cried Elfie.

"What would you call me?" piped dolly.

"Maggie May!" replied our little traveler.

"I have a great mind to call you that now as long as I am here; shall I?"



THE DOLL THAT NEEDED TO BE WOUND UP.

"Oh, yes!" squeaked the doll, "and then I shall not find it so strange to be called by a name when I go to the earth. Oh, dear! when I think of going I feel quite wretched! We lead



THE TWO SAILOR DOLLS.

such lovely lives here, and play all day long the most delightful games, which dear old Santa Claus invents for us. We are always sorry when the time comes for us to leave, for we never know what our future will be. Some of the dolls have come back to tell us of their adventures; one dolly" — click!

Elfie wound her up again and Maggie May continued: "whose mistress named her Isabella, came back here yesterday, and I will ask her to tell you the sad things that happened to her."

Maggie May walked across the room with her funny jerky walk and stopped in front of a little invalid chair which stood in one corner. In it lay a poor pale-faced dollie, propped up on pillows. She looked frightened, and shook her head when Maggie May spoke to her, but in a few moments Maggie nodded to two little sailor dolls, who had been very busy in the recess behind the invalid playing with a toy ship — a very fine specimen with three masts and fitted with ten brass cannon. These merry tars hitched up their trousers, touched their caps to Maggie May, and giving a "Yo-heave-ho!" raised the invalid chair, with poor Isabella, upon their brawny shoulders; then, with the greatest of care, they brought the chair and its suffering burden over to where Elfie was standing, and set Isabella down before her. She looked a little bit afraid when she saw Elfie, but the little girl looked at her so kindly and with so much pity, that the afflicted doll took courage and held out one thin little arm.

Elfie took her up and saw that she was a cripple; she had only one arm and but one leg, her head was quite bald, and one of her poor eyes was out.

Elfie did not like to ask her how she came to be so miserable, for she looked so much like one of Elfie's own little dolls which she had thrown into the woodshed, out of the way, that she felt ashamed. The little doll did n't wait to be asked questions, but after being wound began to tell Elfie of her adventures.

(To be continued.)



"POOR ISABELLA."

THE BOY SETTLERS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[*Began in the November Number.*]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SETTLERS AT HOME.

A WIDE, shallow river, whose turbid waters were yellow with the freshets of early summer, shadowed by tall and sweeping cotton woods and water-maples; shores gently sloping to the current save where a tall and rocky bluff broke the prospect up stream; thickets of oaks, alders, sycamores, and persimmons—this was the scene on which the Illinois emigrants arrived as they journeyed to their new home in the Far West. On the north bank of the river, only a few hundred rods from the stream, was the log-cabin of Younkings. It was built on the edge of a fine bit of timber-land in which oaks and hickories were mingled with less valuable trees. Near-by the cabin and hugging closely up to it, was a thrifty field of corn and other garden stuff, just beginning to seem promising of good things to come; and it was a refreshing sight here in the wilderness, for all around was the virgin forest and the unbroken prairie.

Younkins's wife, a pale, sallow, and anxious-looking woman, and Younkings's baby boy, chubby and open-eyed, welcomed the strangers without much show of feeling other than a natural curiosity. With Western hospitality, the little cabin was found large enough to receive all the party, and the floor was covered with blankets and buffalo-skins when they lay down to sleep their first night near their future home in the country of the Republican Fork. The boys were very happy that their journey was at an end. They had listened with delight while Younkings told stories of buffalo and antelope hunting, of Indian "scares" and of the many queer adventures of settlers on this distant frontier.

"What is there west of this?" asked Charlie, as the party were allotting the floor and the shallow loft among themselves for the night.

"Nothing but Indians and buffalo," said Younkings, sententiously.

"No settlers anywhere?" cried Sandy, eagerly.

"The next settlement west of here, if you can call it a settlement, is Fort Kearney, on the other side of the Platte. From here to there, there is n't so much as a hunter's camp, so far as I know." This was Younkings's last word as he tumbled, half dressed, into his bunk in one corner of the cabin. Sandy hugged his brother Charlie before he dropped off to sleep, and whispered in his ear, "We're on the frontier at last! It's just splendid!"

Next day, leaving their cattle and wagon at the Younkings homestead, the party, piloted by their good-natured future neighbor, forded the fork and went over into the promised land. The stream was rather high as yet, for the snow, melting in the far-off Rocky Mountains as the summer advanced, had swollen all the tributaries of the Republican Fork, and the effects of the rise were to be seen far down on the Kaw. The new-comers were initiated into the fashion of the country by Younkings, who directed each one to take off all clothes but his shirt and hat. Then their garments were rolled up in bundles, each man and boy taking his own on his head, and wading deliberately into the water, the sedate Younkings being the leader.

It seemed a little dangerous. The stream was about one hundred rods wide, and the current was tolerably swift, swollen by the inrush of smaller streams above. The water was cold, and made an ominous swishing and gurgling among the underbrush that leaned into the margin of the river. In Indian file, Mr. Howell bringing up the rear, and keeping his eyes anxiously upon the lads before him, they all crossed in safety, Sandy, the shortest of the party, being unable to keep dry the only garment he had worn, for the water came well up under his arms.

"Well, that was funny, anyhow," he blithely

remarked, as he wrung the water out of his shirt, and, drying himself as well as he could, dressed and joined the rest of the party in the trip toward their future home.

Along the lower bank of the Republican Fork, where the new settlers now found themselves, the country is gently undulating. Bordering the stream they saw a dense growth of sycamores, cottonwoods, and birches. Some of these trees were tall and handsome, and the general effect on the minds of the new-comers was delightful. After they had emerged from the woods that skirted the river, they were in the midst of a lovely rolling prairie, the forest on the right; on their left was a thick growth of wood that marked the winding course of a creek which, rising far to the west, emptied into the Republican Fork at a point just below where the party had forded the stream. The land rose gradually from the point nearest the ford, breaking into a low, rocky bluff beyond at their right and nearest the river, a mile away, and rolling off to the southwest in folds and swales.

Just at the foot of the little bluff ahead, with a background of trees, was a log-cabin of hewn timber, weather-stained and gray in the summer sun, absolutely alone and looking as if lost in this untrodden wild. Pointing to it, Younkins said, "That's your house so long as you want it."

The emigrants tramped through the tall, lush grass that covered every foot of the new Kansas soil, their eyes fixed eagerly on the log-cabin before them. The latch-string hung out hospitably from the door of split "shakes," and the party entered without ado. Everything was just as Younkins had last left it. Two or three gophers, disturbed in their foraging about the premises, fled swiftly at the entrance of the visitors, and a flock of blackbirds, settled around the rear of the house, flew noisily across the creek that wound its way down to the fork.

The floor was of puncheons split from oak logs and laid loosely on rough-hewn joists. These rattled as the visitors walked over them. At one end of the cabin a huge fireplace of stone laid in clay yawned for the future comfort of the coming tenants. Near-by, a rude set of shelves suggested a pantry, and a table, home-made and equally rude, stood in the middle of

the floor. In one corner was built a bedstead, two sides of the house furnishing two sides of the work, and the other two being made by driving a stake into the floor and connecting that by string-pieces to the sides of the cabin. Thongs of buffalo-hide formed the bottom of this novel bedstead. A few stools and short benches were scattered about. Near the fireplace long and strong pegs driven into the logs served as a ladder on which one could climb to the low loft overhead. Two windows, each of twelve small panes of glass, let in the light, one from the end of the cabin and one from the back opposite the door, which was in the middle of the front. Outside, a frail shanty of shakes leaned against the cabin, affording a sort of outdoor kitchen for summer use.

"So this is home," said Charlie, looking around. "What will mother say to this—if she ever gets here?"

"Well, we've taken a heap of comfort here, my old woman and me," said Younkins, looking around quickly and with an air of surprise. "It's a mighty comfortable house; leastways we think so."

Charlie apologized for having seemed to cast any discredit on the establishment. Only he said that he did not suppose that his mother knew much about log-cabins. As for himself, he would like nothing better than this for a home for a long time to come. "For," he added, roguishly, "you know we have come to make the West, 'as they the East, the home-stead of the free.'"

Mr. Younkins looked puzzled but made no remark. The younger boys, after taking in the situation and fondly inspecting every detail of the premises, enthusiastically agreed that nothing could be finer than this. They darted out of doors and saw a corral, or pound, in which the cattle could be penned up, in case of need. There was a small patch of fallow ground that needed only to be spaded up to become a promising garden-spot. Then, swiftly running to the top of the little bluff beyond, they gazed over the smiling panorama of emerald prairie laced with woody creeks, level fields as yet undisturbed by the plowshare, blue distant woods and yet more distant hills among which, to the northwest, the broad river wound and disap-

peared. Westward, nothing was to be seen but the green and rolling swales of the virgin prairie, broken here and there by an outcropping of rock. And as they looked, a tawny yellowish creature trotted out from behind a roll of the prairie, sniffed in the direction of the boys, and then stealthily disappeared in the wildness of the vast expanse.

"A coyote," said Sandy, briefly. "I've seen

without discomfort, while it was so high, were left on the south bank to receive the returning party.

There the boys sat, hugely enjoying the situation, while the others were loading the wagon and yoking the oxen on the other side. The lads could hear the cheery sounds of the men talking, although they could not see them through the trees that lined the farther bank of



THE SETTLERS' FIRST HOME IN THE DESERTED CABIN.

them in Illinois. But I just wish I had my gun now." His wiser brother laughed as he told him that it would be a long day before a coyote could be got near enough to be knocked over with any shot-gun. The coyote, or prairie-wolf, is the slyest animal that walks on four legs.

The three men and Charlie returned to the further side of the fork, and made immediate preparations to move all their goods and effects to the new home of the emigrants. Sandy and Oscar, being rather too small to wade the stream

the river. The flow of the stream made a ceaseless lapping against the brink of the shore. A party of catbirds quarreled sharply in the thicket hard-by; quail whistled in the underbrush of the adjacent creek, and overhead a solitary eagle circled slowly around as if looking down to watch these rude invaders of the privacy of his dominion that had existed ever since the world began.

Hugging his knees in measureless content, as they sat in the grass by the river, Sandy asked,

almost in a whisper, "Have you ever been homesick since we left Dixon, Oscar?"

"Just once, Sandy; and that was yesterday when I saw those nice-looking ladies at the fort out walking in the morning with their children. That was the first sight that looked like home since we crossed the Missouri."

"Me, too," answered Sandy, soberly. "But this is just about as fine anything can be. Only think of it, Oscar! There are buffalo and antelopes within ten or fifteen miles of here. I know, for Younkins told me so. And Indians, not wild Indians, but tame ones that are at peace with the whites. It seems too good to have happened to us; does n't it, Oscar?"

Once more the wagon was blocked up for a difficult ford, the lighter and more perishable articles of its load being packed into a dugout, or canoe hollowed from a sycamore log, which was the property of Younkins, and used only at high states of the water. The three men guided the wagon and oxen across while Charlie, stripped to his shirt, pushed the loaded dugout carefully over, and the two boys on the other bank, full of the importance of the event, received the solitary voyager, unloaded the canoe and then transferred the little cargo to the wagon. The caravan took its way up the rolling ground of the prairie to the log-cabin. Willing hands unloaded and took into the house the tools, provisions, and clothes that constituted their all, and, before the sun went down, the settlers were at home.

While in Manhattan, they had supplied themselves with potatoes; at Fort Riley they had bought fresh beef from the sutler. Sandy made a glorious fire in the long disused fireplace. His father soon had a batch of biscuits baking in the covered kettle, or Dutch oven, that they had brought with them from home. Charlie's contribution to the repast was a pot of excellent coffee, the milk for which, an unaccustomed luxury, was supplied by the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Younkins. So, with thankful hearts, they gathered around their frugal board and took their first meal in their new home.

When supper was done and the cabin, now lighted by the scanty rays of two tallow candles, had been made tidy for the night, Oscar took out his violin, and, after much needed

tuning, struck into the measure of wild, warbling "Dundee." All hands took the hint and all voices were raised once more to the words of Whittier's song of the "Kansas Emigrants." Perhaps it was with new spirit and new tenderness that they sang:

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where the Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

"I don't know what the Pilgrim's gonfalon is," said Sandy, sleepily, "but I guess it's all right." The emigrants had crossed the prairies as of old their fathers had crossed the sea. They were now at home in the New West. The night fell dark and still about their lonely cabin as, with hope and trust, they laid them down to peaceful dreams.

CHAPTER IX.

SETTING THE STAKES.

"We must n't let any grass grow under our feet, boys," was Mr. Aleck Howell's energetic remark, next morning, when the little party had finished their first breakfast in their new home.

"That means work, I s'pose," replied Oscar, turning a longing glance to his violin hanging on the side of the cabin, with a broken string crying for repairs.

"Yes, and hard work, too," said his father, noting the lad's look. "Luckily for us, Brother Aleck," he continued, "our boys are not afraid of work. They have been brought up to it, and although I am thinking they don't know much about the sort of work that we shall have to put in on these beautiful prairies, I guess they will buckle down to it. Eh?" and the loving father turned his look from the grassy and rolling plain to his son's face.

Sandy answered for him. "Oh, yes, Uncle Charlie, we all like work! Afraid of work? Why, Oscar and I are so used to it that we would be willing to lie right down by the side of it, and sleep as securely as if it were as harmless as a kitten! Afraid of work? Never you fear 'the Dixon boys who fear no noise'—what's the rest of that song?"

Nobody knew, and, in the laugh that followed,

Mr. Howell suggested that as Younkens was coming over the river to show them the stakes of their new claims, the boys might better set an extra plate at dinner-time. It was very good of Younkens to take so much trouble on their account, and the least they could do was to show him proper hospitality.

"What is all this about stakes and quarter-sections, anyway, Father?" asked Sandy. "I'm sure I don't know."

"He does n't know what quarter-sections are!" shouted Charlie. "Oh, my! what an ignoramus!"

"Well, what is a quarter-section, as you are so knowing?" demanded Sandy. "I don't believe you know, yourself."

"It is a quarter of a section of public land," answered the lad. "Every man or single woman of mature age—I think that is what the books say—who does n't own several hundred acres of land elsewhere (I don't know just how many), is entitled to enter on and take up a quarter of a section of unoccupied public land, and have it for a homestead. That's all," and Charlie looked to his father for approval.

"Pretty good, Charlie," said his uncle. "How many acres are there in a quarter-section of land?"

"Yes, how many acres in a quarter of a section?" shouted Sandy, who saw that his brother hesitated. "Speak up, my little man, and don't be afraid!"

"I don't know," replied the lad, frankly.

"Good for you!" said his father. "Never be afraid of saying that you don't know when you do *not* know. The fear of confessing ignorance is what has wrecked many a young fellow's chances for finding out things he should know."

"Well, boys," said Mr. Bryant, addressing himself to the three lads, "all the land of the United States Government that is open to settlement is laid off in townships ten miles square. These, in turn, are laid off into sections of six hundred and forty acres each. Now, then, how much land should there be in a quarter-section?"

"One hundred and sixty acres!" shouted all three boys at once, breathlessly.

"Correct. The Government allows every man, or single woman of mature age, widow or unmarried, to go upon a plot of land, not more

than one hundred and sixty acres nor less than forty acres, and to improve it, and live upon it. If he stays there, or 'maintains a continuous residence,' as the lawyers say, for a certain length of time, the Government gives him a title-deed at the end of that time, and he owns the land."

"What?—free, gratis, and for nothing?" cried Sandy.

"Certainly," said his uncle. "The homestead law was passed by Congress to encourage the settlement of the lands belonging to the Government. You see there is an abundance of these lands, so much, in fact, that they have not yet been all laid off into townships and sections and quarter-sections. If a large number of homestead claims are taken up, then other settlers will be certain to come in and buy the lands that the Government has to sell; and that will make settlements grow throughout that locality."

"Why should they buy when they can get land for nothing by entering and taking possession, just as we are going to do?" interrupted Oscar.

"Because, my son, many of the men can not make oath that they have not taken up Government land somewhere else; and then, again, many men are going into land speculations, and they don't care to wait five years to prove up a homestead claim. So they go upon the land, stake out their claim, and the Government sells it to them outright at the rate of a dollar and a quarter an acre."

"Cash down?" asked Charlie.

"No, they need not pay cash down unless they choose. The Government allows them a year to pay up in. But land speculators who make a business of this sort of thing generally pay up just as soon as they are allowed to, and then, if they get a good offer to sell out, they sell and move off somewhere else, and do the same thing over again."

"People have to pay fees, don't they, Uncle Charlie?" said Sandy. "I know they used to talk about land-office fees, in Dixon. How much does it cost in fees to enter a piece of Government land?"

"I think it is about twenty-five dollars—twenty-six, to be exact," replied Mr. Bryant.

"There comes Younkins," he added, looking down the trail to the river bank below.

The boys had been washing and putting away the breakfast things while this conversation was going on, and Sandy, balancing in the air a big tin pan on his fingers, asked: "How much land can we fellows enter, all told?" The two men laughed.

"Well, Alexander," said his father, ceremoniously, "We two 'fellows,' that is to say, your Uncle Charlie and myself, can enter one hundred and sixty acres apiece. Charlie will be able to enter the same quantity three years from now, when he will be twenty-one; and as for you and Oscar, if you each add to your present years as many as will make you twenty-one, you can tell when you will be able to enter and own the same amount of land; provided it is not all gone by that time. Good-morning, Mr. Younkins." Sandy's pan came down with a crash on the puncheon floor.

The land around that region of the Republican Fork had been surveyed into sections of six hundred and forty acres each; but it would be necessary to secure the services of a local surveyor to find out just where the boundaries of each quarter-section were. The stakes were set at the corner of each section, and Younkins thought that by pacing off the distance between two corners they could get at the point that would mark the middle of the section; then, by running lines across from side to side, thus:

 they could get at the quarter-sections nearly enough to be able to tell about where their boundaries were.

"But suppose you should build a house, or plow a field, on some other man's quarter-section," suggested Charlie, "would n't you feel cheap when the final survey showed that you had all along been improving your neighbor's property?"

"There is n't any danger of that," answered Younkins, "if you are smart enough to keep well away from your boundary line when you are putting in your improvements. Some men are not smart enough, though. There was a man over on Chapman's Creek who wanted to have his log-cabin on a pretty rise of ground-like, that was on the upper end of his claim. He knew that the line ran somewhere about

there; but he took the chances-like, and when the line was run, a year after that, lo, and behold! his house and garden-like were both clean over into the next man's claim."

"What did he do?" asked Charlie. "Skip out of the place?"

"Sho! No, indeed! His neighbor was a white man-like, and they just took down the cabin and carried it across the boundary line and set it up again on the man's own land. He 's livin' there yet; but he lost his garden-like; could n't move that, you see"; and Younkins laughed one of his infrequent laughs.

The land open to the settlers on the south side of the Republican Fork was all before them. Nothing had been taken up within a distance as far as they could see. Chapman's Creek, just referred to by Younkins, was eighteen or twenty miles away. From the point at which they stood toward Chapman's, the land was surveyed; but to the westward the surveys ran only just across the creek, which, curving from the north and west, made a complete circuit around the land and emptied into the Fork, just below the fording place. Inside of that circuit, the land, undulating, and lying with a southern exposure, was destitute of trees. It was rich, fat land, but there was not a tree on it except where it crossed the creek, the banks of which were heavily wooded. Inside of that circuit somewhere, the two men must stake out their claim. There was nothing but rich, unshaded land, with a meandering woody creek flowing through the bottom of the two claims, provided they were laid out side by side. The corner stakes were found, and the men prepared to pace off the distance between the corners so as to find the center.

"It is a pity there is no timber anywhere," said Howell, discontentedly. "We shall have to go several miles for timber enough to build our cabins. We don't want to cut down right away what little there is along the creek."

"Timber?" said Younkins, reflectively. "Timber? Well, if one of you would put up with a quarter-section of farming land, then the other can enter some of the timber land up on the North Branch."

Now, the North Branch was two miles and a half from the cabin in which the Dixon party were

living; and that cabin was two miles from the beautiful slopes on which the intending settlers were now looking for an opportunity to lay out their two claims. The two men looked at each other. Could they divide and settle thus far apart for the sake of getting a timber lot?

It was Sandy who solved the problem. "I'll tell you what to do, Father!" he cried, eagerly, "you take up the timber claim on the North Branch, and we boys can live there; then you and Uncle Charlie can keep one of the claims here. We can build two cabins, and you old folks can live in one and we in another."

The fathers exchanged glances, and Mr. Howell said: "I don't see how I could live without Sandy and Charlie."

Mr. Howell looked vaguely off over the rolling slope on which they were standing, and said: "We will chance it with the boys on the timber land; but I am not in favor of taking up two claims here. Let the timber claim be in my name or yours, and the boys can live on it. But we can't take up two claims here and the timber besides—three in all—with only two full-grown men among the whole of us. That stands to reason."

Younkins was a little puzzled by the strictness with which the two new-comers were disposed to regard their rights and duties as actual settlers. He argued that settlers were entitled to all they could get and hold; and he was in favor of the party's trying to hold three claims of



"YOUNKINS ARGUED THAT SETTLERS WERE ENTITLED TO ALL THEY COULD GET AND HOLD."

Younkins brightened up at Sandy's suggestion, and he added that the two men might take up two farming claims, side by side, and let the boys try and hold the timber claim on the North Branch. Thus far, there was no rush of emigration to the south side of the Republican Fork; most of the settlers went further to the south; or they halted further east, and fixed their stakes along the line of the Big Blue, and other more accessible regions.

"We'll chance it, won't we, Aleck?" said Mr. Bryant.

one hundred and sixty acres each, even if there were only two men legally entitled to enter homesteads. Would n't Charlie be of age before the time came to take out a patent for the land?

"But he is not of age to enter upon and hold the land now," said his father, stiffly.

So it was settled that the two men should enter upon the quarter-section of farming land, and build a cabin as soon as convenient, and that the claim on the North Fork, which had a fine grove of timber on it, should be set apart for the

boys, and a cabin built there too. The cabin in the timber need not be built until late in the autumn; that claim could be taken up by Mr. Howell, or by Mr. Bryant; by and by they would draw lots to decide which. Before sundown, that night, they had staked out the corners of

the one hundred and sixty acre lot of farming land, on which the party had arrived in the morning.

It was dark before they returned from looking over the timber land in the bend of the North Fork of the Republican.

(To be continued.)

MEHITABLE LAMB.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.



ANNAH MARIA GREEN sat on the north door-step, and sewed over and over a seam in a sheet. She had just gotten into her teens, and she was tall for her age, although very slim. She wore a low-necked, and short-sleeved, brown delaine dress. That style of dress was not becoming, but it was the fashion that summer. Her neck was very thin, and her collar-bones showed. Her arms were very long and small and knobby. Hannah Maria's brown hair was parted from her forehead to the back of her neck, braided in two tight braids, crossed in a flat mass at the back of her head, and surmounted by a large green ribbon bow. Hannah Maria kept patting the bow to be sure it was on.

It was very cool there on the north door-step. Before it lay the wide north yard full of tall waving grass, with some little cinnamon rose-bushes sunken in it. Hardly anybody used the north door, so there was no path leading to it.

It was nearly four o'clock. Hannah Maria bent her sober freckled face over the sheet, and sewed and sewed. Her mother had gone to the next town to do some shopping, and bidden her to finish the seam before she returned. Hannah Maria was naturally obedient; moreover, her mother was a decided woman, so she had been

very diligent; in fact the seam was nearly sewed.

It was very still—that is, there were only the sounds that seem to make a part of stillness. The birds twittered, the locusts shrilled, and the tall clock in the entry ticked. Hannah Maria was not afraid, but she was lonesome. Once in a while she looked around, and sighed. She placed a pin a little way in advance on the seam, and made up her mind that when she had sewed to that place she would go into the house and get a slice of cake. Her mother had told her that she might cut a slice from the one-egg cake which had been made that morning. But before she had sewed to the pin, little Mehitable Lamb came down the road. She was in reality some years younger than Hannah Maria, but not so much younger as Hannah Maria considered her. The girl on the door-step surveyed the one approaching down the road, with a friendly and patronizing air.

"Hullo," she sang out, when Mehitable was within hailing distance.

"Hullo," answered back Mehitable's little, sweet, deferential voice.

She came straight on, left the road, and struck across the grassy north yard to Hannah Maria's door-step. She was a round, fair little girl; her auburn hair was curled in a row of neat, smooth "water curls" around her head. She wore a straw hat with a blue ribbon, and a blue and white checked gingham dress; she also wore white stockings and patent leather "ankle-ties."

Her dress was low-necked and short-sleeved, like Hannah Maria's, but her neck and arms were very fair and chubby.

Mehitable drew her big china doll in a doll's carriage. Hannah Maria eyed her with seeming disdain and secret longing. She herself had given up playing with dolls, her mother thought her too big; but they had still a fascination for her, and the old love had not quite died out of her breast.

"Mother said I might come over and stay an hour and a half," said Mehitable.

Hannah Maria smiled hospitably. "I 'm keepin' house," said she. "Mother's gone to Lawrence."

Mehitable took her doll out of the carriage with a motherly air, and sat down on the door-step with it in her lap.

"How much longer you goin' to play with dolls?" inquired Hannah Maria.

"I don't know," replied Mehitable, with a little shamed droop of her eyelids.

"You can't when you get a little bigger, anyhow. Is that a new dress she's got on?"

"Yes; Aunt Susy made it out of a piece of her blue silk."

"It's handsome, is n't it? Let me take her a minute." Hannah Maria took the doll and cuddled it up against her shoulder as she had used to do with her own. She examined the blue silk dress. "My doll had a real handsome plaid silk one," said she, and she spoke as if the doll were dead. She sighed.

"Have you given her away?" inquired Mehitable in a solemn tone.

"No; she's packed away. I'm too old to play with her, you know. Mother said I had other things to 'tend to. Dolls are well 'nough for little girls like you. Here, you'd better take her; I've got to finish my sewin'."

Hannah Maria handed back the doll with a resolute air, but she handed her back tenderly; then she sewed until she reached the pin. Mehitable rocked her doll, and watched.

When Hannah Maria reached the pin she jumped up. "I 'm comin' back in a minute,"

said she, and disappeared in the house. Presently Mehitable heard the dishes rattle.

"She's gone after a cooky," she thought. Cookies were her usual luncheon.

But Hannah Maria came back with a long slice of one-egg cake with blueberries in it. She broke it into halves, and gave the larger one to Mehitable. "There," said she, "I'd give you more, but mother did n't tell me I could cut more'n one slice."

Mehitable ate her cake appreciatively; once in a while she slyly fed her doll with a bit.



"MEHITABLE DREW HER BIG CHINA DOLL IN A DOLL'S CARRIAGE."

Hannah Maria took bites of hers between the stitches; she had almost finished the over and over seams.

Presently she rose and shook out the sheet with a triumphant air. "There," said she, "it's done."

"Did you sew all that this afternoon?" asked Mehitable, in an awed tone.

"My! yes. It is n't so very much to do."

Hannah Maria laid the sheet down in a heap on the entry floor; then she looked at Mehitable. "Now, I've nothin' more to do," said she. "S'pose we go to walk a little ways?"

"I don't know as my mother'd like to have me do that."

"Oh, yes, she would; she won't care. Come along! I'll get my hat."

Hannah Maria dashed, over the sheet, into the entry and got her hat off the peg; then she and Mehitable started. They strolled up the country road. Mehitable trundled her doll-carriage carefully; once in a while she looked in to see if the doll was all right.

"Is n't that carriage kind of heavy for you to drag all alone?" inquired Hannah Maria.

"No; it is n't very heavy."

"I had just as lief help you drag it as not."

Hannah Maria reached down and took hold by one side of the handle of the doll-carriage, and the two girls trundled it together.

There were no houses for a long way. The road stretched between pasture-lands and apple-orchards. There was one very fine orchard on both sides of the street a quarter of a mile below Hannah Maria's house. The trees were so heavily loaded with green apples that the branches hung low over the stone walls. Now and then there was among them a tree full of ripe yellow apples.

"Don't you like early apples?" asked Hannah Maria.

Mehitable nodded.

"Had any?"

"No."

"They don't grow in your field, do they?"

Mehitable shook her head. "Mother makes pies with our apples, but they're not mellow 'nough to eat now," she replied.

"Well," said Hannah Maria, "we have n't got any. All our apples are baldwins, and greenin's. I have n't had an early apple this summer."

The two went on, trundling the doll-carriage. Suddenly Hannah Maria stopped.

"Look here," said she; "my Aunt Jenny and my Uncle Timothy have got lots of early apples. You just go along this road a little farther, and you get to the road that leads to their house. S'pose we go."

"How far is it?"

"Oh, not very far. Father walks over sometimes."

"I don't believe my mother would like it."

"Oh, yes, she would! Come along."

But all Hannah Maria's entreaties could not stir Mehitable Lamb. When they reached the

road that led to Uncle Timothy's house, she stood still.

"My mother won't like it," said she.

"Yes, she will."

Mehitable stood as if she and the doll-carriage were anchored to the road.

"I think you're real mean, Mehitable Lamb," said Hannah Maria. "You're a terrible 'fraid cat. I'm goin' anyhow, and I won't bring you a single apple; so there!"

"Don't want any," returned Mehitable with some spirit. She turned the doll-carriage around. Hannah Maria walked up the road a few steps. Suddenly she faced about. Mehitable had already started homeward.

"Mehitable Lamb!" said she.

Mehitable looked around.

"I s'pose you'll go right straight home, and tell my mother, just as quick as you can get there."

Mehitable said nothing.

"You'll be an awful telltale if you do."

"Sha'n't tell," said Mehitable in a sulky voice.

"Will you promise,—'Honest and true. Black and blue. Lay me down and cut me in two,—that you won't tell?'"

Mehitable nodded.

"Say it over then."

Mehitable repeated the formula. It sounded like inaudible gibberish.

"I shall tell her myself when I get home," said Hannah Maria. "I shall be back pretty soon anyway, but I don't want her sending father after me. You're sure you're not goin' to tell, now, Mehitable Lamb? Say it over again."

Mehitable said it again.

"Well, you'll be an awful telltale if you do tell after that!" said Hannah Maria.

She went on up one road toward her Uncle Timothy Dunn's, and Mehitable trundled her doll-carriage homeward down the other. She went straight on past Hannah Maria's house. Hannah Maria's mother, Mrs. Green, had come home. She saw the white horse and buggy out in the south yard. She heard Mrs. Green's voice calling "Hannah Maria, Hannah Maria!" and she scudded by like a rabbit.

Mehitable's own house was up the hill, not far beyond. She lived there with her mother and grandmother and her two aunts; her father

was dead. The smoke was coming out of the kitchen chimney; her Aunt Susy was getting supper. Aunt Susy was the younger and prettier of the aunts. Mehitable thought her perfection. She came to the kitchen-door, when Mehitable entered the yard, and stood there smiling at her.

"Well," said she, "did you have a nice time at Hannah Maria's?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What makes you look so sober?"

Mehitable said nothing.

"Did you play dolls?"

"Hannah Maria's too big."

"Stuff!" cried Aunt Susy. Then her shortcake was burning, and she had to run in to see to it.

Mehitable took her china doll out of the carriage, set her carefully on the step, and then lugged the carriage laboriously to a corner of the piazza, where she always kept it. It was a very nice large carriage, and rather awkward to be kept in the house. Then she took her doll and went in through the kitchen to the sitting-room. Her mother and grandmother and other aunt were in there, and they were all glad to see her, and inquired if she had had a nice time at Hannah Maria's. But Mehitable was very sober. She did not seem like herself. Her mother asked whether she did not feel well, and in spite of her saying that she did, would not let her eat any of her Aunt Susy's shortcake for supper. She had to eat some stale bread, and shortly after supper she had to go to bed. Her mother went up-stairs with her, and tucked her in.

"She's all tired out," she said to the others, when she came down; "it's quite a little walk over to the Greens", and I s'pose she played hard. I don't really like to have her play with a girl so much older as Hannah Maria. She is n't big enough to run and race."

"She did n't seem like herself when she came into the yard," said Aunt Susy.

"I should have given her a good bowl of thoroughwort tea, when she went to bed," said her grandmother.

"The kitchen fire is n't out yet; I can steep some thoroughwort now," said Aunt Susy, and she forthwith started. She brewed a great bowl of thoroughwort tea and carried it up to

Mehitable. Mehitable's wistful innocent blue eyes stared up out of the pillows at Aunt Susy and the bowl.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"A bowl of nice hot thoroughwort tea. You sit up and drink it right down, like a good little girl."

"I'm not sick, Aunt Susy," Mehitable pleaded faintly. She hated thoroughwort tea.

"Well, never mind if you're not. Sit right up. It'll do you good."

Aunt Susy's face was full of loving determination. So Mehitable sat up. She drank the thoroughwort tea with convulsive gulps. Once in a while she paused and rolled her eyes piteously over the edge of the bowl.

"Drink it right down," said Aunt Susy.

And she drank it down. There never was a more obedient little girl than Mehitable Lamb. Then she lay back, and Aunt Susy tucked her up, and went down with the empty bowl.

"Did she drink it all?" inquired her grandmother.

"Every mite."

"Well, she'll be all right in the morning, I guess. There is n't anything better than a bowl of good hot thoroughwort tea."

The twilight was deepening. The Lamb family were all in the sitting-room. They had not lighted the lamp, the summer dusk was so pleasant. The windows were open. All at once a dark shadow appeared at one of them. The women started—all but Grandmother Lamb. She was asleep in her chair.

"Who's there?" Aunt Susy asked in a grave tone.

"Have you seen anything of Hannah Maria?" said a hoarse voice. Then they knew it was Mr. Green.

Mrs. Lamb and the aunts pressed close to the window.

"No, we have n't," replied Mrs. Lamb. "Why, what's the matter?"

"We can't find her anywheres. Mother went over to Lawrence this afternoon, and I was down in the east field hayin'. Mother, she got home first, and Hannah Maria was n't anywhere about the house, an' she'd kind of an idea she'd gone over to the Bennets'; she'd been talkin' about goin' there to get a tidy-pattern

of the Bennet girl, so she waited till I got home. I jest put the horse in again, an' drove over there, but she 's not been there. I don't know where she is. Mother's most crazy."

"Where is she?" they cried, all together.

"Sittin' out in the road, in the buggy."

Mrs. Lamb and the aunts hurried out. They and Mr. Green stood beside the buggy, and Mrs. Green thrust her anxious face out.

"Oh, where do you suppose she is?" she groaned.

"Now, do keep calm, Mrs. Green," said Mrs. Lamb in an agitated voice. "We've got something to tell you. Mehitable was over there this afternoon."

"Oh, she was n't, was she?"

"Yes, she was. She went about four o'clock, and she stayed an hour and a half. Hannah Maria was all right then. Now, I tell you what we'll do, Mrs. Green: you just get right out of the buggy, and Mr. Green will hitch the horse, and we'll go in and ask Mehitable just how she left Hannah Maria. Don't you worry. You keep calm, and we'll find her."

Mrs. Green stepped tremblingly from the buggy. She could scarcely stand. Mrs. Lamb took one arm, and Aunt Susy the other. Mr. Green hitched the horse, and they all went into the house, and up-stairs to Mehitable's room. Mehitable was not asleep. She stared at them in a frightened way, as they all filed into the room. Mrs. Green rushed to the bed.

"Oh, Mehitable," she cried, "when did you last see my Hannah Maria?"

Mehitable looked at her, and said nothing.

"Tell Mrs. Green when you last saw Hannah Maria," said Mrs. Lamb.

"I guess 't was 'bout five o'clock," replied Mehitable in a quavering voice.

"She got home at half-past five," interposed Mehitable's mother.

"Did she look all right?" asked Mrs. Green.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Nobody came to the house when you were there, did there?" asked Mr. Green.

"No, sir."

Aunt Susy came forward. "Now look here, Mehitable," said she. "Do you know anything about what has become of Hannah Maria? Answer me, yes or no."

Mehitable's eyes were like pale moons; her little face was as white as the pillow.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, what has become of her?"

Mehitable was silent.

"Why, Mehitable Lamb!" repeated Aunt Susy, "tell us this minute what has become of Hannah Maria!"

Mehitable was silent.

"Oh," sobbed Mrs. Green, "you must tell me. Mehitable, you'll tell Hannah Maria's mother what has become of her, won't you?"

Mehitable's mother bent over her, and whispered, but Mehitable lay there like a little stone image.

"Oh, do make her tell!" pleaded Mrs. Green.

"Come, now, tell, and I'll buy you a whole pound of candy," said Mr. Green.

"Mehitable, you *must* tell," said Aunt Susy.

Suddenly Mehitable began to cry. She sobbed and sobbed; her little body shook convulsively. They all urged her to tell, but she only shook her head between the sobs.

Grandmother Lamb came into the room. She had awakened from her nap.

"What's the matter?" she inquired. "What ails Mehitable? Is she sick?"

"Hannah Maria is lost, and Mehitable knows what has become of her, and she won't tell," explained Aunt Susy.

"Massy sakes!" Grandmother Lamb went up to the bed. "Tell grandmother," she whispered, "an' she'll give you a pep'mint."

But Mehitable shook her head, and sobbed.

They all pleaded, and argued, and commanded, but they got no reply but that shake of the head, and sobs.

"The child will be sick if she keeps on this way," said Grandmother Lamb.

"She deserves to be sick!" said Hannah Maria's mother in a desperate voice; and Mehitable's mother forgave her.

"We may as well go down," said Mr. Green with a groan. "I can't waste any more time here; I've got to do something."

"Oh, here 't is night coming on, and my poor child lost!" wailed Hannah Maria's mother.

Mehitable sobbed so, that it was pitiful in spite of her obstinacy.

"If that child don't have somethin' to take,

she 'll be sick," said her grandmother. "I dunno as there 's any need of her bein' sick if Hannah Maria *is* lost." And she forthwith went stiffly down-stairs. The rest followed—all except Mrs. Lamb. She lingered to plead longer with Mehitable.

"I would n't go over to Timothy's to-night, if I were you," said Mrs. Green. "Jenny's dreadful nervous, and it would use her all up; she thought so much of Hannah Maria."

Mrs. Green's voice broke with a sob.

"No, I'm not going there," returned Mr. Green.



"THEY ALL PLEADED, AND ARGUED, AND COMMANDED."

"You're mother's own little girl," said she, "and nobody shall scold you whatever happens. Now, tell mother what has become of Hannah Maria."

But it was of no use. Finally, Mrs. Lamb tucked the clothes over Mehitable with a jerk, and went down-stairs herself. They were having a consultation there in the sitting-room. It was decided that Mr. Green should drive to Mr. Pitkin's, about a quarter of a mile away, and see if they knew anything of Hannah Maria, and get Mr. Pitkin to aid in the search.

"It is n't any use. It is n't likely they know anything about her. It's a good five mile off."

Mr. Green got into his buggy and drove away. Mrs. Green went home, and Aunt Susy and the other aunt with her. Nobody slept in the Lamb or the Green house that night, except Grandmother Lamb. She dozed in her chair, although they could not induce her to go to bed. But first she started the kitchen fire, and made another bowl of thoroughwort tea for Mehitable.

"She'll be sick jest as sure as the world, if she does n't drink it," said she. And Mehitable lifted

her swollen, teary face from the pillow and drank it. "She don't know any more where that Green girl has gone to than I do," said Grandmother Lamb, when she went down with the bowl. "There is n't any use in pesterin' the child so."

Mrs. Lamb watched for Mr. Green to return from Mr. Pitkin's, and ran out to the road. He had with him Mr. Pitkin's hired man and eldest boy.

"Pitkin's harnessed up, and gone the other way, over to the village, and we 're goin' to look round the place thorough, an'—look in the well," he said in a husky voice.

"If she would only tell," groaned Mrs. Lamb. "I've done all I can. I can't *make* her speak."

Mr. Green groaned in response, and drove on. Mrs. Lamb went in, and stood at her sitting-room window and watched the lights over at the Green house. They flitted from one room to another all night. At dawn Aunt Susy ran over with her shawl over her head. She was wan and hollow-eyed.

"They have n't found a sign of her," said she. "They've looked everywhere. The Pitkin boy's been down the well. Mr. Pitkin has just come over from the village, and a lot of men are going out to hunt for her, as soon as it's light. If Mehitable only would tell!"

"I can't make her," said Mrs. Lamb, despairingly.

"I know what I think you'd ought to do," said Aunt Susy in a desperate voice.

"What?"

"*Whip her.*"

"Oh, Susy, I can't! I never whipped her in my life."

"Well, I don't care. I should." Aunt Susy had the tragic and resolute expression of an inquisitor. She might have been proposing the rack. "I think it is your duty," she added.

Mrs. Lamb sank into the rocking-chair and wept, but, within an hour's time, Mehitable stood shivering and sobbing in her night-gown, and held out her pretty little hands, while her mother switched them with a small stick. Aunt Susy was crying, down in the sitting-room. "Did she tell?" she inquired, when her sister, quite pale and trembling, came in with the stick.

"No," replied Mrs. Lamb. "I never will whip that dear child again, come what will."

And she broke the stick in two, and threw it out of the window.

As the day advanced, teams began to pass the house. Now and then, one heard a signal horn. The search for Hannah Maria was being organized. Mrs. Lamb and the aunts cooked a hot breakfast, and carried it over to Mr. and Mrs. Green. They felt as if they must do something to prove their regret and sympathy. Mehitable was up and dressed, but her poor little auburn locks were not curled, and the pink roundness seemed gone from her face. She sat quietly in her little chair in the sitting-room, and held her doll. Her mother had punished her very tenderly, but there were some red marks on her little hands. She had not eaten any breakfast, but her grandmother had made her some more thoroughwort tea. The bitterness of life seemed actually tasted, to poor little Mehitable Lamb.

It was about nine o'clock, and Mrs. Lamb and the aunts had just carried the hot breakfast over to the Green's, and were arranging it on the table, when another team drove into the yard. It was a white horse and a covered wagon. On the front seat sat Hannah Maria's aunt, Jenny Dunn, and a young lady, one of Hannah Maria's cousins. Mrs. Green ran to the door. "Oh, Jenny, *have* you heard?" she gasped. Then she screamed, for Hannah Maria was peeking out of the rear of the covered wagon. She was in there with another young lady cousin, and a great basket of yellow apples.

"Hannah Maria Green, where *have* you been?" cried her mother.

"Why, what do you think! That child walked 'way over to our house last night," Aunt Jenny said volubly; "and Timothy was gone with the horse, and there was n't anything to do but to keep her. I knew you would n't be worried about her, for she said the little Lamb girl knew where she'd gone, and —"

Mrs. Green jerked the wagon-door open, and pulled Hannah Maria out. "Go right into the house!" she said in a stern voice. "Here she would n't tell where you'd gone. And the whole town hunting! Go in."

Hannah Maria's face changed from uneasy and deprecating smiles to the certainty of grief. "Oh, I made her promise not to tell, but I

s'posed she would," she sobbed. "I did n't know 't was going to be so far. Oh, mother, I'm sorry!"

"Go right in," said her mother.

And Hannah Maria went in. Aunt Susy and Mrs. Lamb pushed past her as she entered. They were flying home to make amends to Mehitable, with kind words and kisses, and to take away the taste of the thoroughwort tea, with sponge cake and some of the best strawberry jam.

Later in the forenoon, Mehitable, with the row of smooth water curls round her head, dressed in her clean pink calico, sat on the

door-step with her doll. Her face was as smiling as the china one. Hannah Maria came slowly into the yard. She carried a basket of early apples. Her eyes were red. "Here are some apples for you," she said. "And I'm sorry I made you so much trouble. I'm not going to eat any."

"Thank you," said Mehitable. "Did your mother scold?" she inquired timidly.

"She did, first. I'm dreadful sorry. I won't ever do so again. I — kind of thought you 'd tell."

"I'm not a telltale," said Mehitable.

"No, you're not," said Hannah Maria.



A FAMILY GROUP: JESSIE AND HER DOLLIES, AND HER EOLLY'S DOLLY.

The Artful Ant.

A Tragic Sale

BY OLIVER HERFORD.



ONCE on a time
an artful Ant
Resolved to give
a ball,
For tho' in stature
she was scant,

She was not what you 'd call
A shy or bashful little Ant.
(She was not shy at all.)

She sent her invitations through
The forest far and wide,
To all the Birds and Beasts she knew,
And many more beside.
("You never know what you can do,"
Said she, "until you 've tried.")

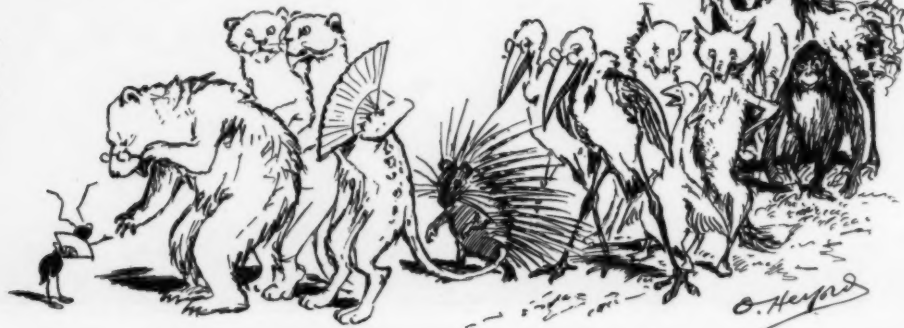
Five-score acceptances came in
Faster than she could read.
Said she: "Dear me! I 'd best begin
To stir myself indeed!"
(A pretty pickle she was in,
With five-score guests to feed!)

The artful Ant sat up all night,
A thinking o'er and o'er,

How she could make
her scanty store,
Enough to feed
five-score.
(Between ourselves, I
think she might
Have thought of
that before.)

She thought, and
thought, and
thought all night,
And all the follow-
ing day,
Till suddenly she
struck a bright
Idea, which was
— (but stay!
Just what it was I
am not quite
At liberty to say.)

Enough, that when
the festal day
Came round, the
Ant was seen



To smile in a peculiar way,
As if—(but you may glean
From seeing tragic actors play
The kind of smile I mean.)



From here and there and everywhere
The happy creatures came,
The Fish alone could not be there.
(And they were not to blame.
"They really could not stand the air,
But thanked her just the same.")

The Lion, bowing very low,
Said to the Ant: "I ne'er
Since Noah's Ark remember so
Delightful an affair."
(A pretty compliment, although
He really was n't there.)

They danced, and danced, and danced, and
danced;

It was a jolly sight!

They pranced, and pranced, and pranced,
and pranced,

Till it was nearly light,



And then their thoughts to supper chanced
To turn. (As well they might!)



Then said the Ant: "It's only right
That supper should begin,
And if you will be so polite,
Pray take each other in."
(The emphasis was very slight,
But rested on "Take in.")

They needed not a second call,
They took the hint. Oh, yes,

The largest guest "took in" the small,
 The small "took in" the less,
 The less "took in" the least of all.
 (It was a great success!)

As for the rest — but why spin out
 This narrative of woe? —
 The Lion took them in about
 As fast as they could go.
 (He went home looking very stout,
 And walking very slow.)

* * * *

And when the Ant, not long ago,
 Lost to all sense of shame,
 Tried it again, I chance to know
 That not one answer came.
 (Save from the Fish, who "could not go,
 But thanked her all the same.")



IN THE PARK PLAYING "PUSS IN THE CORNER."

LADY JANE.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LADY JANE COMES TO HER OWN.

THE next morning, when Margaret brought little Jane, Mrs. Lanier sent for them to come to her room, and there she heard the strange story that Paichoux had told Margaret.

Putting together one thing and another, the incidents seemed to form a chain of which there was only one link missing, and that was an explanation of the mystery surrounding the fate of the young mother. What had become of her? and how had Madame Jozain got possession of the child, as well as of the property?

"It is work for a skillful detective," said Mrs. Lanier, when Margaret had told her of Paichoux's plan.

And Margaret replied that with the aid of a little money the snarl could soon be unraveled.

"The money will be forthcoming," returned Mrs. Lanier. "It shall be my sacred duty to begin an investigation as soon as the child's identity is established. Mr. Lanier will interest himself with me, and every possible effort shall be made to get at the bottom of the mystery. Meanwhile, my good Margaret, you must leave little Jane with me. Jane Chetwynd's child must not be dependent on charity."

To this Margaret readily agreed, and then Lady Jane was called from the nursery, where she had been with Mrs. Lanier's little girls, during this long, serious conversation.

The child came in dressed in her homely orphan's garb, with all her beautiful hair braided and hanging stiffly down her back; but she was lovely in spite of her unlovely attire, her sweet little face was dimpled with smiles, and her wide eyes were full of pleasant expectation.

"Come here, my dear," said Mrs. Lanier holding out her hands. "Now, tell me: which name do you like best, Lady Jane, or simply Jane?"

She hesitated a moment, and looked wistfully at Margaret, while a slight shadow passed over her face. "*I* like Lady Jane, but Mother Margaret likes Jane best."

Then Mrs. Lanier opened a drawer and took out a photograph in a velvet frame.

"My dear," she said, holding it before her, "who are these?"

In an instant the child's face changed. Every vestige of color fled from it, as she fixed her eyes on the picture with a look of eager affection and pitiful surprise.

"It's papa and mama!" she exclaimed passionately. "It's my dear, dear mama!"

Then, with a cry of distress, she threw herself into Margaret's arms and sobbed bitterly.

"This is proof enough for me," said Mrs. Lanier, as she laid the picture away, "the recognition was instantaneous and complete. She is Jane Chetwynd's child. Margaret, leave her to me; I will love her and comfort her."

An hour after, Mrs. Lanier was sitting in her library, writing hastily and excitedly, when the door-bell rang, and, just as she was addressing a letter to "Richard Chetwynd, Esq.," Arthur Maynard entered.

The boy looked quite pale and anxious as he glanced at Mrs. Lanier's flushed, excited face.

"Don't ask me any questions; just wait a moment," she said, with a reassuring smile.

Presently, there was a sound of children's voices on the stairs, and three little girls entered the room quietly and demurely. They were dressed exactly alike in dainty white frocks and broad sashes; two were pale and dark; they were Ethel and May Lanier; and one was fair and rosy, with wonderful golden hair hanging in burnished, waving masses below her waist, while the thick fringe across her forehead, although it looked a little refractory, as if it had just been cut, gave her a charmingly infantile and picture-que appearance.

The moment the little Laniers saw Arthur Maynard, they ran to him, talking and laughing gaily, while Lady Jane (for it was she, though quite metamorphosed through the skill of Mrs. Lanier's French maid, and one of Ethel's dainty suits) remained standing shyly in the center of the room.

Mrs. Lanier was watching the sweet face with its puzzled, anxious expression. Lady Jane held her hands tightly clasped, and her soft brows were slightly contracted while she looked with large, serious eyes at the merry group. Presently, a winsome smile broke over her face, and, going slowly forward, she said softly:

"If you please, are n't you the boy who gave me the blue heron?"

Arthur Maynard was quite beside himself with delight. Holding out both hands, he drew her to him, and, putting his arms about her caressingly, said gaily:

"Yes, Lady Jane, I'm the very boy. And so you remember me? I thought you'd forgotten me long ago."

"Oh, no, no! I had n't, but"—with a little tremulous smile—"you—you did n't know me, did you?"

"Yes, you darling, I did; I was only waiting to see if you really remembered me."

"Oh, but you did n't know I saw you once before."

"No, indeed. When and where was it?" asked Arthur, eagerly.

"It was a long while ago. It was Mardi-Gras, and I was lost; but you could n't see me, because I had on a domino," replied Lady Jane, with dancing eyes, and a roguish little smile. "I called you, and you heard me, because you looked around; but you could n't see me."

"Well, I declare! Now I remember. Of course, I could n't guess that the little, pink, crumpled thing was Lady Jane. Why did n't you call me again?"

"Oh," with a little sigh, "I thought maybe you did n't remember me."

"As if I could ever forget! But where is Tony? Have you given him away?" and he looked into her eyes with a smile.

"No, I did n't give him away. I loved him too much to give him to any one; but he's lost. He broke his string while I was out sing-

ing, Tante Pauline said, and she was too lame to catch him, and I searched everywhere for him, and then I could n't sing any more—and—and—" Here she paused, flushing deeply, while tears gathered on her lashes.

"She's just the same adorable little creature," whispered Arthur to Mrs. Lanier, while he stroked her hair softly. Then he bent over her and asked her very earnestly and gravely:

"Do you remember that day on the cars, Lady Jane, when I gave you Tony?"

"Why, yes,—or I would n't know you," she replied ingenuously.

"Well, your mama was with you then. Where is she now?"

"Oh," with a very sad sigh, "I don't know; she's gone away. I thought she'd come back, and I waited, and waited; but now I don't look any more. I think she's with papa, and is n't coming back."

"When did she go? My darling, try to remember about your mama," urged Mrs. Lanier gently.

"It was so long ago, I can't tell when it was," she said dejectedly. "I was ill, and when I got well, Tante Pauline said she had gone."

"Was it in Good Children Street that she went?"

"No, it was before. It was away across the river, because Tante Pauline, and Mr. Raste, and I, and Tony in his basket, all came in a big boat."

"You see Jane Chetwynd never left Gretna," said Mrs. Lanier, to Arthur, in an awe-struck voice.

"Where is Tante Pauline now?" continued Arthur.

"I don't know. I ran away, and I have n't seen her for ever so long."

"Why did you run away from her? Did n't you love her?"

"No, no! Please don't ask me,—Oh, please don't!" and suddenly she covered her little, flushed, troubled face with both hands and began to cry silently.

"We must n't question her any more, Arthur," said Mrs. Lanier, softly, as she soothed the child. "Her little heart has been probed to the very depths. She is a noble little soul and she won't utter a complaint against that wretched woman."

"Never mind, my darling. Forget all about Tante Pauline. You will never see her again, and no one shall make you unhappy. You are my child now, and you shall stay with me always, and to-morrow we are going to buy Christmas presents for all your friends in Good Children Street."

"And I"—whispered Arthur, pressing his cheek close against her golden head—"I have a Christmas present for you, so don't cry any more but prepare to be very happy."

"I have just written to her grandfather," said Mrs. Lanier, after they had sent Lady Jane away to the children, all smiles and dimples again. "I see by the papers that he has returned from Europe. There's not the least doubt that she is Jane's child, and, if he has any heart, he'll come and investigate this mystery. I don't dare do anything until I shall have heard from him."

"That will be very soon; he will probably be here in a day or two, for he is on his way now."

"Arthur, what do you mean? How has he heard?"

"Oh, Lady Jane has a great many friends who are deeply interested in her. Paichoux, the dairyman, has been in correspondence with the millionaire, and I have been interviewing Paichoux. The little Frenchman put me on Paichoux's track. It seems that Paichoux got Mrs. Churchill's watch from Madame Jozain's son, and Paichoux was inspired to write to the jeweler in New York, whose name and the number of the watch were on the inside of the case, to find out for whom that watch was made. After some delay a letter came from Mr. Richard Chetwynd himself, telling Paichoux that the watch was made for his daughter Jane Chetwynd. The jeweler had forwarded Paichoux's letter to Mr. Chetwynd, who was in Paris, and the millionaire has hastened home to investigate. His prompt action is a favorable omen for Lady Jane."

The next day, the day before Christmas, and just one year from the time when Lady Jane sat on the church steps eating the bread and apple given to her by a charitable impulse, she was making almost a royal progress in Mrs. Lanier's carriage, as lovely in her rich dress as a little fairy and every bit as much admired as

Pepsie had predicted she would be, in the future, when she should ride in a blue chariot drawn by eight white horses. Mrs. Lanier's generosity allowed her to remember every one with suitable gifts, and her visit to Good Children Street was something long to be remembered. Mrs. Lanier when she found herself once more in the presence of Diane d'Hautreuve, almost wept with shame and regret, to think that for all these years she had forgotten one who was once a queen in society by right of both birth and wealth. "It is unpardonable in me," she said to herself when she saw the gentle lonely woman hold the child to her heart so fondly. "It is unpardonable to forget and neglect one so entirely worthy of the best, simply because she is poor. However, now that I have discovered her through Lady Jane, I will try to make up for the indifference of years by every attention that I can show her."

While these thoughts were passing through Mrs. Lanier's mind, Lady Jane was unfolding before Mam'selle Diane's dazzled eyes a rich mourning silk.

"You must have it made right away," she whispered, pressing her rosy cheek to her friend's, "for Mrs. Lanier says you will visit your friends again, and I want you to wear my Christmas present the first visit you make."

Then Pepsie was made happy by a beautiful wheeled chair for the street, which was so arranged with numerous springs that she could be lifted over rough places without hurting her poor back; and Madelon was the recipient of a beautiful, warm cloak; and Tite's love of finery was fully gratified by a gay hat "wid fedders on it"; little Gex was fitted out with a supply of useful articles; and the Paichoux, one and all, were remembered with gifts suitable for each, while the orphans' Christmas tree was loaded with presents from Lady Jane, who only the year before had clung to the railings cold and hungry, and peeped in at the glittering display which was being prepared for other little orphans not half as friendless and needy as she was.

And the homely, kind face of Mother Margaret fairly shone with happiness, as she watched her little favorite dispensing pretty gifts with a beaming smile of love and good-will to all.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas eve, and Mrs. Lanier's beautiful house was bright with lights and flowers, and merry with music and laughter.

There were, beside the little Laniers and Lady Jane, a dozen children or more who had been invited to see the wonderful Christmas tree, which Mr. and Mrs. Lanier, and Arthur Maynard had spent the greater part of the day in decorating. It stood at one end of the drawing-room, and its broad branches were fairly bending beneath the treasures heaped upon them. It glowed and sparkled with the light of a hundred wax-candles, reflected over and over by innumerable brilliant objects, until it seemed like Moses's burning bush, all fire and flame; and amid this radiant mass of color and light were the most beautiful gifts for every member of the family as well as for the happy little visitors; but the object which attracted the most curiosity and interest was a large basket standing at the foot of the tree.

"Who is that basket for, Papa?" asked Ethel Lanier, of her father, who was unfastening and distributing the presents.

"We shall see presently, my dear," replied Mr. Lanier, glancing at Lady Jane, who stood, a radiant little figure, beside Arthur Maynard, watching every movement with sparkling eyes and dimpling smiles.

At last, with a great deal of difficulty, the basket was untied, and Mr. Lanier read, in a loud, distinct voice, from a card attached to it: "For Lady Jane Churchill. With Arthur Maynard's love and good wishes."

"There! I thought it was for Lady Jane!" cried Ethel, delightedly. "I know it's something lovely."

Mr. Lanier, with no little ceremony, handed the basket to Arthur, who took it and gave it to Lady Jane with a low bow.

"I hope you will like my present," he said, smiling brightly, while he helped the wondering child untie the strings that fastened the cover.

Her little face was a study of mingled curiosity and expectancy, and her eyes sparkled with eagerness as she bent over the basket.

"It's so large. What can it be? Oh, oh, oh!"

"It's *Tony*!" she cried, as the cover was lifted and the bird hopped gravely out and stood on one leg, winking and blinking in the dazzling light. "It's *Tony*! dear, dear *Tony*!" and in an instant she was on her knees hugging and kissing the bird passionately.

"I told you I would find him for you," whispered Arthur, bending over her, almost as happy as she.

"And you knew him by the three little crosses, did n't you? Oh, you're so good, and I thank you so much," she said, lifting her lovely, grateful eyes to the boy's face. She was smiling, but a tear glistened on her lashes.

"What a darling she is!" said Mrs. Lanier, fondly. "Is n't it pretty to see her with the bird. Really, it is an exquisite picture."

She was like an anxious mother over a child who had just been restored to her.

"You know me, *Tony*, don't you? and you're glad to see me?" Lady Jane asked, over and over, while she stroked his feathers and caressed the blue heron in the tenderest way.

"Do you think he remembers you, Lady Jane?" asked Mr. Lanier, who was watching her with a smile of amusement.

"Oh, yes, I know he does; *Tony* could n't forget me. I'm sure he'll come to me if I call him."

"Please try him. Oh, do try him!" cried Ethel and May.

Mr. Lanier took the bird and placed him behind a chair at the extreme end of the room, where he stood gravely blinking and nodding; but the moment he heard Lady Jane's little chirp, and the call "*Tony, Tony*," he ran fluttering to her and nestled close against her.

Every one was pleased with this exhibition of the bird's intelligence, and the children were nearly wild over the new acquisition. The other presents were forgotten for the moment, and they could do nothing but watch every movement with admiration and delight.

To Lady Jane, the recovery of her lost treasure was the crowning point of happiness; and she consented reluctantly to leave him alone in the conservatory, where he was to spend the night, and where he looked very comfortable, as well as picturesque, standing on one leg under a large palm.

"It is almost time for Mr. Chetwynd's coming," said Mrs. Lanier, glancing at the clock. "Mr. Lanier will meet him at the station and bring him here, if he will accept our hospitality. I'll confess I'm filled with consternation. He used to be such a grim, cold man; he never even softened to Jane's young friends; he was polite and kind, but never genial, and I dare say he has quite forgotten me. It's a trial for me to meet him with this awful mystery hanging

"It is Mr. Chetwynd," she said to Arthur. "They have come; he is in the library, and Mr. Lanier asks me to bring the child."

A few moments later, Mrs. Lanier led Lady Jane into the room where Mr. Richard Chetwynd waited to receive her. He was a tall, pale man, with deep, piercing eyes, and firmly closed lips, which gave character to a face that did not lack kindness of expression. As she advanced, a little constrainedly, holding the child by the



"OH, OH, OH! IT'S TONY!" CRIED LADY JANE."

over Jane's last days. Oh, I hope he will take kindly to the child! He idolized her mother before she thwarted his plans, and now I should think his remorse would be terrible, and that he would do everything to atone for his unkindness."

"I have faith in Lady Jane," laughed Arthur. "It must be a hard heart that can withstand her simple winning ways."

Just at that moment a servant entered, and handed Mrs. Lanier a card.

hand, he came forward to meet her with an air of friendly interest.

"Perhaps you have forgotten me, Mrs. Lanier," he said, cordially extending his hand; "but I remember you, although it is some time ago that you used to dine with my daughter in Gramercy Park."

"Oh, no, I have not forgotten you, Mr. Chetwynd; but I hardly expected you to recall me among all Jane's young friends."

"I do, I do, perfectly," he replied, with his eyes

fixed on Lady Jane, who clung to Mrs. Lanier and looked at the tall, grave stranger with timid scrutiny.

Then he held out his hand to the child.

"And this is Jane Chetwynd's daughter. There is no doubt of it; she is the image of her mother," he said in a low, restrained voice. "I was not prepared to see such a living proof. She is my little Jane as she was when a child—my little Jane—my darling! Mrs. Lanier, will you excuse me?—the sight of her has quite unnerved me!"

And suddenly sinking into a chair, he pressed the child to his heart and hid his face on her bright, golden head.

What passed between Lady Jane and her grandfather, Mr. and Mrs. Lanier never knew, for they slipped quietly out of the room, and left the saddened man alone with the last of his family—the child of that idolized but disobedient daughter, whose marriage he had never forgiven until that moment, when he held in his arms, close to his heart, the little one, her living image.

It was some time before Mr. Chetwynd appeared, and when he did he was as cold and self-possessed as if he had never felt a throb of emotion, nor shed a tear of sorrow on the pretty head of the child, who held his hand, and prattled as freely and confidently as if she had known him always.

"What will Mother Margaret say," she exclaimed, looking at Mrs. Lanier with wide glistering eyes, "when I tell her that I've found Tony and my grandpapa both in one Christmas? I never saw a grandpapa before; Pepsie read to me about one in a book, and he was very cross, but this one is n't. I think he's very good."

Before long, Mr. Chetwynd did not seem to have any other interest in life than to gratify every wish the child expressed.

"She has taken complete possession of me," he said to Mrs. Lanier; "and now my greatest happiness will be to make her happy. She is all I have, and I shall try to find in her the comfort of which her mother deprived me."

In spite of his affection for the child, his feelings did not entirely change toward the mother; he could not forget that she had disappointed him, and preferred a stranger to him; that she had given up wealth and position to bury herself

in obscurity with a man he hated. It was a bitter thought, yet his fatherly affection would spare no pains to solve the mystery that hung over her last days.

Money and influence together soon put the machinery of the law in motion; therefore it was not a month after Mr. Chetwynd's arrival in New Orleans, before everything was as clear as day. The young widow was traced to Madame Jozain's; there were many who remembered the death and funeral. The physician's certificate at the Board of Health bore the name of Dr. Debrot, who was found, and interviewed during one of his bright moments; he described the young mother and child, and remembered even the blue heron; and his testimony, sad though it was, was still a comfort to Jane Chetwynd's friends. She had died of the same fever that killed her husband, and she had been carefully nursed and decently buried.

A careful search was made for her personal effects; but nothing was recovered except the watch that Paichoux was fortunate enough to secure. Mr. Chetwynd handed Paichoux a large check in exchange for it, but the honest man refused to take any more than he had paid Raste Jozain in order to get possession of it. However, the millionaire proved that he was not ungrateful, nor lacking in appreciation, when he presented Paichoux with a rich, plain watch suitably inscribed, from the donor to a most valued friend. And when the pretty Marie was married, she received from the same jewelers who had made the watch an exquisite silver tea-service, which was the pride of her life, and which was cherished not only for its value, but because it was a gift from Lady Jane's grandpapa.

Mr. Chetwynd made a number of visits to Good Children Street in company with Mrs. Lanier and Lady Jane. And there were a great many long consultations held by Mam'selle Diane, the millionaire, and the banker's wife, while Lady Jane played with her jolly little friend the canary, among the branches of the rose bush. During these conversations there was a great deal of argument and anxious urging on the part of the visitors, and a great many excuses, and much self-depreciation on the part of the gentle faded lady.

"I have been buried so long," she would say pathetically, "that the great world will appal and confuse me. I shall be like a blind person suddenly made sensible of the light."

"But you will soon become accustomed to the light," urged Mrs. Lanier.

"And I might long for seclusion again; at my age one cannot easily change one's habits."

"You shall have all the seclusion you wish for," said Mr. Chetwynd, kindly.

"Besides I am so old-fashioned," murmured Mam'selle Diane, blushing deeply.

"A quality which I greatly admire," returned Mr. Chetwynd, with a courtly bow.

"And think how Lady Jane loves you," said Mrs. Lanier, as if to clinch the argument.

"Yes, my love for her and hers for me are the strongest points in the situation," replied Mam'selle Diane, reflectively, "when I think of her I can hardly refuse to comply with your wishes."

At that time it seemed as if Lady Jane acted the part of fairy godmother to those who had been her friends in her days of adversity, for each had only to express a wish and it was gratified.

Pepsie's cottage in the country was about to become a reality. In one of the charming, shady lanes of Carrollton they found just such a bowery little spot as Pepsie wished for, with a fine strip of land for a garden. One day Mr. Chetwynd and Lady Jane went down to Good Children Street and gave the deed of it to Ma-

demoiselle Madelon Modeste Ferri, which was Pepsie's baptismal name although she had never been called by it in all her life. The little cripple was so astonished and delighted that she could find no words of thanks; but, after a few moments of very expressive silence, she exclaimed: "After all, my cards were right, for they told me over and over that I should go to



LADY JANE AND HER GRANDFATHER.

live in the country; and now I'm going, thanks to Lady Jane!"

When little Gex was asked what he most wished for in the world, he hesitated for a long time, and finally confessed that the desire of his life was to go back to Paris.

"Well, you shall go, Mr. Gex," said Lady Jane, confidently, "and I shall see you there, for I'm going to Paris with grandpapa soon."

It is needless to say that Gex went, and the little shop in Good Children Street saw him no more forever.

And Margaret, the good Margaret. What could Lady Jane do for her? Only the noble woman and the destitute orphans could testify to the generous aid that came yearly in the shape of a check for a large amount from Lady Jane for dear Mother Margaret's home.

"And Mam'selle Diane, dear Mam'selle, what can I give her?" asked Lady Jane, eagerly.

"There is only one thing to do for her," said Mrs. Lanier, "and that is to take her with you. Your grandpapa has begged her to take charge of your education. Poor, lonely woman! she loves you dearly, and, in spite of her reluctance to leave her seclusion, I think she would go to the world's end with you."

And it was so arranged that when Mr. Chetwynd and Lady Jane left New Orleans, Mam'selle Diane d'Hautreuve went with them, and the little house and tiny garden were left to solitude, while the jolly canary was sent to keep Tony company in the conservatory.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AS IT IS NOW.

ALL this happened years ago, some ten or twelve, more or less, and there have been many changes in that time.

In front of the iron railing where Lady Jane clung on that cold Christmas Eve, peering into the warmth and light of the Orphans' Home, there is now a beautiful little park, with magnolias, oaks, fragrant white jasmine, and pink flowering crape myrtle. Flowers bloom there luxuriantly, the birds sing merrily, and it is a spot beloved of children. Their joyous laughter mingles with the songs of birds and the busy hum of little voices in the Orphans' Home a few paces away.

In the center of that square, on a green mound bordered with flowers, stands a marble pedestal, and on that pedestal is a statue: it is the figure of a woman seated, and holding a little orphan to her heart. The woman has a

plain face, the thin hair is drawn back austere from the broad forehead, the eyes are deep set, the features coarse, the mouth is wide. She is no high-born dame of delicate mold, but a woman of the people; her hands, caressing the orphan at her side, are large and rough with honest toil; but the face, and the whole figure, is beautiful with purity and goodness. It is Margaret, the orphans' friend, who though a destitute orphan herself, by her own worth and industry earned the wealth to found homes and asylums, to feed and clothe the indigent, to save the wretched and forsaken, and to merit the title of Mother to the Motherless.

And there sits her marble image through summer's heat and winter's cold, serene and gentle, under the shadow of the home she founded. It is a monument of honest, simple virtue and charity, as well as an enduring testimony to the nobility of the women who erected this statue in respectful recognition of true greatness, under the homely guise of honest toil.

If one of my young readers should happen near this spot, just at the right moment, on some fine evening in early spring, he or she might perchance see an elegant carriage draw up near the statue of Margaret, while its occupants, an elderly woman of gentle and distinguished appearance, and a beautiful young girl, study the homely, serene face of the orphans' friend.

Presently the girl says reverently: "Dear Mother Margaret! She was a saint, if ever earth knew one."

"Yes, she was a noble woman, and she came from the poor and lowly. All the titles and wealth of earth could not ennoble her as did her own saintly character."

The occupants of the carriage are Lady Jane and Mam'selle Diane d'Hautreuve.

The beautiful child is now a beautiful girl of seventeen, her schooldays are over, and she has not disappointed the expectations of her friends. At home and abroad she is known not only as the Chetwynd heiress, but also for her many accomplishments, as well as for beauty and charitableness. And her wonderful voice, which time has enriched and strengthened, is a constant delight to those who hear it. And the good sisters and grateful little orphans in Margaret's

Home count it a day long to be remembered when Lady Jane sits down among them, and sings the hymns she loved so well in those old days when she herself was a homeless little orphan.

Mr. Chetwynd still likes to spend part of the year abroad; but he has purchased a beautiful winter home in the garden district of New Orleans. The Laniers are neighbors, and Lady Jane and Mam'selle Diane spend several months every spring in its delightful seclusion.

And here Madelon comes to bring her de-

when the bright-faced little cripple, who seems hardly a day older, spreads out her beautiful needlework before Lady Jane, and expatiates eloquently on the fine results she obtains from the Paris patterns, and exquisite materials with which she is constantly supplied. She is a natural little artist with the needle, her dainty work sells readily and profitably. "Just think!" she says with one of her bright smiles, "I could buy a piano now, if I wished to, and I think I shall, so that you can play to me when you come."

During sunny afternoons, on a certain lawn



LADY JANE AND MAM'SELLE D'HAUTREVE BEFORE THE STATUE OF MOTHER MARGARET.

licious cakes, which she now sells to private customers instead of from a stand on the Rue Bourbon, and Tante Modeste often rattles up in her milk-cart, a little older, a little stouter, but with the same bright face; and on the same seat where Lady Jane used to sit, is one of Marie's little ones, instead of one of Modeste's. "Only think, my dear," she says proudly, "Tiburce is graduated, and is studying law with Marie's husband, who is rising fast in his profession."

But of all Lady Jane's good times, there is none pleasanter than the hours she spends with Pepsie in the pretty cottage at Carrollton,

in the garden district, there is nearly always a merry party playing tennis; while a gentle-faced woman sits near holding a book, which she seldom reads, so interested is she in watching a golden-haired girl and a handsome young man, who frequently interrupt their game to enjoy the grave antics of a stately blue heron stalking majestically about the lawn, or posing picturesquely on one leg under a glossy palm.

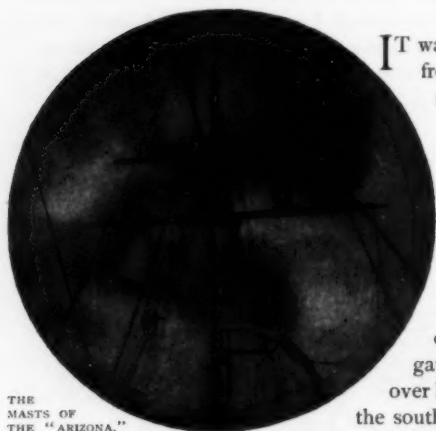
But we must not approach the border-land of romance. Lady Jane is no longer a child, and Arthur Maynard is years older than the boy who gave her the blue heron.

THE END.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY IN THE EAST.

BY LUCY MORRIS ELLSWORTH.

The quaint and interesting diary from which these extracts are taken was kept by a little girl only ten years old, and of her own accord, as a record of her travels last year through Egypt, Italy, and Greece. The selections here given are printed, word for word, as they were written.



THE
MASTS OF
THE "ARIZONA."

STEAMSHIP "ARIZONA," Oct. 22d.

IT was Tuesday morning at nine o'clock when we started from New York harbor and in the evening I was quite sick and stayed in bed until Friday then I got up and Saturday I was able to go to the meals in the saloon. Fraulein is sick in bed yet and said a few days ago that she was a miserable wretch. Yesterday a man was sitting on the northern deck and a wave came from the south and went over the top of the deck and gave him such a ducking that I think he will not forget it. A few days ago Mamma and Papa were sitting on the deck without having their chairs tied on and the ship gave an awful rock and they went pretty near head over heels. And another time all the gentlemen went on the southern deck and a big wave came and wet them very much and wet Bradford so much that he had to change every stitch. I have had quite a good many falls and once I cut my knee but not very much. Yesterday the ship rocked ten feet.

LONDON, Oct. 27th.

We are now in Morley's Hotel and right in front of our parlor is the Trafalgar Square with two very beautiful fountains and five Statues. We arrived here on Friday, Oct. 25th. Yesterday we went out shopping with Miss W—— to show us the stores and how much money to pay for it. And we went to the Parliament Houses. In the first room there was a throne but the Queen does not sit in it very often; then we went into the next room and we saw another great big throne, where the Queen sits when all the lawyers come together. It is a very foggy and rainy morning.

In church I could not understand a word, because the minister spoke so softly. There are a good many children there: boys and girls. The girls wore very pretty white caps, black short-sleeved dresses, white collars and long white aprons. I thought altogether they looked very pretty. The boys were dressed in uniform. We saw the boys march in to their dinner and first they all stood behind their benches and folded their hands and sang a little prayer and took their seats. Mamma and Papa are going out to walk but I can not go, because it is so wet and muddy. The name of the church where we went was "the Foundling Hospital."

The lights in London are very pretty in a dark night like to-night. We went by the treasury and saw two horse-guards on coal black horses and red shirts brass and silver helmets and a blue mantel to keep themselves from getting wet. When the church-bell rings it always rings a tune, but it is so much out of tune that I can not make any thing out of it.

Oct. 28th.

To-day we went to St. Paul's church and the Tower of London. Fraulein and I borrowed a peace of paper and a pencil from Papa and wrote down what we thought we could not remember.

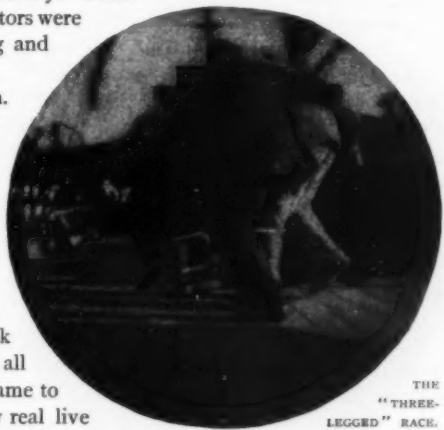
First in St. Paul's we went up 24 steps, then we went up 122 steps into the Library where 12,000 volumes were. Then we went up another lot of stairs and came to the Whispering Gallery, and Mamma, Fraulein, Bradford, Helen, and I went over to the other side and Papa and another man stayed near the entrance. The man that stayed with Papa found out what Bradford's name was and he asked him how old he was in a whisper and Bradford and all the rest of us heard him just as clearly as if he was right next to us and Bradford answered that he was nine years old and then the man replied he would be a man soon and lots of other things, which I did not understand. I will have to stop now, because I must go to bed. Good-night everybody.

Oct. 29th.

We did not come to the Hotel yesterday for our Luncheon, but we ate it in the Throne Room of Richard II. The room had a place, where the music players sat, when they played. To-day we are going to the Zoo and Westminster Abbey, so I think I can write quite a good deal. . . . Here I am again at my journal, to write all I saw to-day. First we went to Westminster to see it, but the minister began to preach, so we could not walk about to see things. The next place was the Zoo, where we saw Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Monkeys, Cats, Parrots, and O so many other animals, so many I could not count them. We fed the elephants. There was a monkey and her name was Sally and the keeper showed us her tricks. He gave her an apple to come out of her house. Then he cut another apple into a little piece and a big piece, and he said: "take the smallest piece, Sally," and she took the smallest piece and ate it. Then he told her to take some soup and she took up the spoon and drank a little bit, then he took it and fed her; then she took the cup and drank it all down. He told her take up three straws. "Sally, there is one, now go on." And she counted three and gave it to him. Then he said again: "take up five, Sally," and she counted five straws, and gave it to her master. "Take up one straw and stick it through the key-hole," he said, and she did. "Stick it through the loop-hole, Sally," and she did. "Now stick it through my button-hole," said he, and she did. Then we went to the other monkey, who had his cage write next to Sally's. And when he saw that we were coming to him he came down from the bars turned his back to us and sat down. Then he sat around and put his hand through the bars and begged for some biscuits. We gave him some but he would beg over and over again, until we went away. Then we went to the snakes of all kinds. And the Alligators were very big. We saw a turtle a foot and a half long and about three-quarters of a foot wide.

GIBRALTAR, Nov. 8th.

. . . The last day on the steamer "Merzipore" coming from London was Guy Fawkesday, so we had a very merry time; we had all kinds of races, cock-fights and we had a potatoe race only for the ladies and a flat race only for the children. There were seven children on board, we made it three more which is ten. . . . I think Gibraltar is a *very* pretty place. . . . We went to the house where the guards stay and got a guide. He took us up a beautiful path with flowers blooming all over the wall. Then we went up a big hill and came to where the cannons are, and we went out and saw real live monkeys, not in a cage, but wild and cross, climbing all over the trees and coming in through the cannon holes to get some water to drink. . . .



THE
"THREE-
LEGGED" RACE.

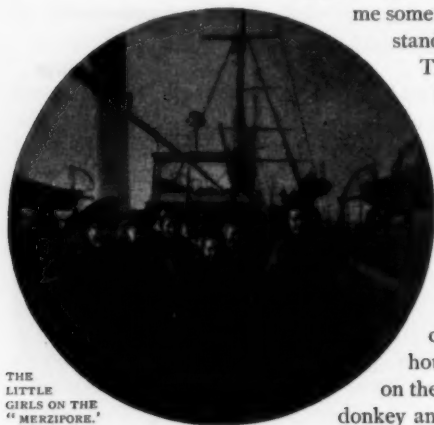
November 26th.

. . . We went to Algeciras where we saw two very young bulls used for the Bull fight. Nine young horses and two pretty little poneyes, seven dogs two aggravate the bull, a little wild hog and

two big white mice with little pink ones. In more cages were other white mice with little bits of pink eyes. . . .

SUEZ, January 9, 1890.

When we came from Naples in the "Orizaba" we went through the Suez canal; there were lots of little and big Arab boys begging for money and they ran along the sand-bank until we got to Suez. Miss F—— a friend of mine only on the steamer lent me some of her paints to sketch the sand-bank while we were standing still. I made a sketch and put it in my Journal.



THE
LITTLE
GIRLS ON THE
"MERZIFORE."

They have no ladie's saddles here so everybody has to ride on gentle-mans saddles. Helen, Papa and I went out riding yesterday and just as the donkey boys heard that somebody wanted to have a ride they all came rushing because they wanted to have their donkeys taken so they could earn some money. They all came around Papa and crowded him so that he said he thought he was going to be swallowed up. The Hostess came out with a whip to drive them away but they did n't care at all. The waiter went up to the top of the house with a bucket full of cold water and poured it down on the donkeys and men both. At last Papa jumped on a donkey and all three of us rode away. We saw quite a good

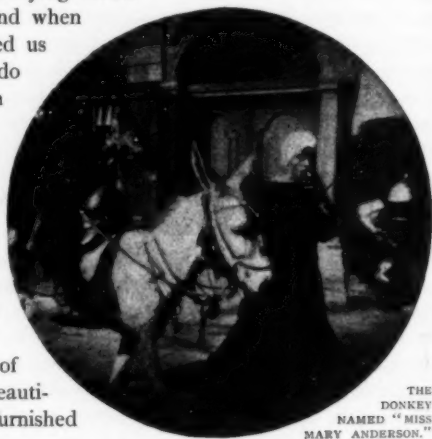
many camels some lying down

and some standing. To-day we went to church and when we came home we saw donkey-boys. They asked us if we wanted a ride and we said no. They said do you want to ride my Miss Mary Anderson. Then another one said: ride my Good old Man. Those names were funny names for donkeys I think and I suppose you think so to.

CAIRO, Jan. 12, 1890.

We went through the principal streets. Just before sunset we went to the mosque in the Citadal. They would not let us go in without great big flopping slippers which we wore all the time walking around the mosque.

I bought a piece of alabaster for a cabin of curiosities when I am at home. This is a beautiful Hotel we are staying at. Everything is furnished beautifully.



THE
DONKEY
NAMED "MISS
MARY ANDERSON."

Wednesday, 15th.

Yesterday it rained very hard in the morning; but in the afternoon it just sprinkled. Papa, Fraulein, Helen and myself went to the dentists. I had a double tooth pulled out, Helen had a single tooth pulled and I do not know what Papa had done with his tooth neither do I know what Fraulein had done with hers. We walked to the dentists and without a bit of exaggeration that the donkeys went up to their knees in water. The streets were all flooded with the rain.

When we got there the servant washed our rubbers inside and out and so we could not put them on. . . . In Suez we saw a hole caravan lying down. I hope it is not going to rain all the while we are here. Mamma and Papa are going up the Nile next Tuesday. I went

to the Arabic meusium with Mamma and Papa. There were some very pretty lamps and places to put the Koran in.

January 17th.

Yesterday morning we went all of us to the Isl of Rhoda with our man who brings us around. We went to the gardens, mosque and up some steps to see the view. We saw the two great big pyramids. We are going to see the dancing howling dervises this afternoon. The gardener gave us two mandarins each, we eat them on the way back again to the Hotel. We have seen a beautiful yet small mosque all set in with beautiful stones and nearly every one had a different patern. Day before yesterday we went to see the fair. We saw a dancing lady dancing with little tin saucers two in each hand and slapping them together. Papa gave her some money and we went on. There were lots of people dressed up and one man was all dressed in bags had red paint on his cheeks and had a sword in one hand. Then we saw an old man with one eye out and a great big terban. I should say it was half a foot wide made of bags.



THE
DAY AFTER
THE GREAT RAIN.

January 19th.

To-day I am going to begin with the pyramids. We took a large wagon and we went a beautiful road which led there. We bought some eggs for lunch but we forgot to eat them because we had plenty other things for all of us. When we got there Papa got a letter out of his pocket and read it to the sheak. Then he stepped out of the carriage and gave him a decoration and on this decoration was the head of Washington. Papa gave Mamma his kodak and while the sheak was listing with great atention to him Mamma took his picture. The sheak was very good to us and he gave us all two very nice Arabs and they took us inside the pyramid to the kings chamber and to the Queens. It was awfully hot inside and I thought it very lucky that I had and all the rest had taken off our cloaks. Then when we came out we went to have lunch.

We brought it out with us so we did not have the trouble to by it on the way or go into the Mena Hotel a beautiful Hotel that was near the pyramids. Then after we had finished our lunch we got two other Arabs to help us up to the top of the pyramids. We got up the best way we could and took rests when we were tired. When we got up to the top our Arabs tried to sell us some old money but we would not by them anyway I could not because I had no money. We stayed up there and an Arab asked Papa if he would like to see him go down the pyramid we were on and up the other in ten minutes. Papa asked how much he would ask for it and he said 5 shillings or six. Papa said yes and he went down one and up the other. He did it in 11 minutes and nine moments. Then we went down again and the Arabs said always yump, yump. I could not understand them at first but at last I did. Then we went to ride camels and see the sphinx. We rode the camels to the sheak's house where we all sat cross-legged on a mat and the sheak



ON THE
ROAD
TO THE
PYRAMIDS.

passed around tea. Our dragoman was offered some and he said "no I can not take it, give it to the children." Then we said we did not drink tea. He said: Well if the gentleman will give me permission to drink it I will. He drank it because papa said he might. When we got through we took the camels and rode to our carriage which was standing out in the road. Then we said good-by to the sheak and we drove away to our Hotel. Just think I climbed up the pyramids at the age of 10. I hope I shall remember it all my life.



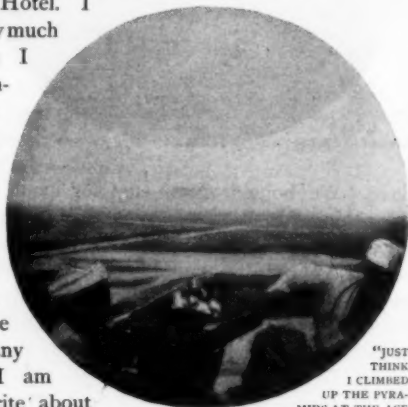
"WHILE THE SHEAK WAS LISTING WITH GREAT ATTENTION MAMMA TOOK HIS PICTURE."

wrote yesterday morning. It was a beautiful day and we were going to the Bulack meuseum, but Papa does not feel well. He went to Mr. Stanley's banquet last night and I think that is what made him ill.

We are going to pack to-day because we are going to Mrs. H——'s for three weeks while Mamma and Papa go up the Nile.

January 21st.
Yesterday we had a donkey-ride. We saw a man dance and another do some tricks. My donkey's name was Yanky-doodle. He would not run but when we got near to the Hotel he ran and galloped like everything. This morning we saw the new English soldiers come

past our Hotel. I have not very much to write because I



"JUST THINK I CLIMBED UP THE PYRAMIDS AT THE AGE OF TEN."

January 23rd.
Yesterday we went to the Geesa meuseum where we saw so many, many

things which I am going to write about now.



"AN ARAB ASKED PAPA IF HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM GO DOWN THE PYRAMID WE WERE ON AND UP THE OTHER IN TEN MINUTES."

When we went in the first room there were two statues in the middle of it. There was one lady and one man. Herr Brugsch Bay said they looked perfectly new when he found them and now they have lost some of the color since they were removed. There were many stones all put in wooden cases with writings on them. I can not discribe every room and everything because there were to many things. The second room was larger than the first. There was a wooden man in the middle with a railing around it. The feet were new but everything else on the body was old and cracked. More rooms had old stones and stone kings. There were great big kings and little ones all in the same room. Mamma read the hyroglicficks to us and told us stories about them. I will repeat one story Mamma told me. There was a big stone with oxen hiding behind some bushes and the men who owned the cattle were hunting them in a little boat. One man

came to the others and said he saw them behind the bushes. He took them in the boat with them and whipped very hard when they got on the land. Then we went to the next room where was a mummy in a glass case. The under jaw was gone and so was the breast. Then we got to very, very old mummy cases; some with the bottom broken out and some with the top broken off. The next room consisted of big black statues and quite small sphinxes. Then we went up some long stairs into a little room with a little table in it and some chairs around it. We had two baskets of lunch with us, one for Mr. and Mrs. D—— and one for us. When we had finished we went up another pair of stairs where the mummies were. Herr Brugsch showed us and told us about the mummies and where he found them. We saw a queen with a little baby at the foot of it. Some of them were still wrapped up in the linnen in which they were found. One mummy was so old that his skin stuck to his bones. His neck was awfully long; I should say it was nearly half a foot. Then we saw the meat which was found in a basket. There was a calfs head, a leg of motten and different things. In another basket they found little blue stone slaves because they thought he would come to life again and then all these little slaves would work for him. I [have] nothing more to say or write about the museum interesting but the jewels. There was a big and long beautiful chain which a queen wore around her neck when she was found. And a bracelet made of gold and shaped into a snake. A little boat was there with little lead images rowing. . . .

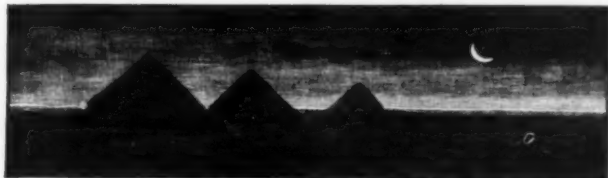
February 4, 1890.

Yesterday was the day we were going to the sham battle. We ordered a carriage and went to the place where the battle was to be when the soldiers said it was not going to be until to-morrow. Now we could not go to-morrow because we have our French lesson. We had put our lesson off until to-morrow and we are going to make up for it Saturday. Next time a soldier comes I am going to ask him why they put it off until to-day. Well we were not going home without seeing anything so we drove to the Obalisk and the Virgen tree. It looks very old but we don't believe that the holy family ever rested in its shade because it could not be two thousand years old. The Obalisk was just covered with bee-hives. There were pictures of ducks, snakes, knives and other things carved in the stone.

(To be concluded.)



"WHEN
WE GOT
THROUGH we
TOOK THE CAMELS
AND RODE TO OUR CARRIAGES."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-day to you, my friends and Valentines! Skating, and coasting, and snowballing are in danger, I am told, for there is a suspicious warmth in the air, and all the icicles in my meadow are shedding tears.

Ah, well! the course of true winter never did run smooth outside of the Arctic regions, so we may as well be content.

Meantime, we must improve the shining moments. February is a short month in this part of the country; therefore, without further delay, let us take up our first subject:

SPORT FOR MALDONADO BOYS.

DEAR MR. JACK: My father read something aloud to my little brother and myself last Saturday, that interested us very much. It was from Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," and I thought, as it was very short, I would copy it for you to show to your happy crowd. Here it is:

... We everywhere [near Maldonado, in Uruguay] saw great numbers of partridges (*Nothura major*). These birds do not go in coveys, nor do they conceal themselves like the English kind. It appears a very silly bird.

A man on horseback, by riding round and round in a circle, or rather in a spire, so as to approach closer each time, may knock on the head as many as he pleases. The more common method is to catch them with a noose, or little lazo, made of the stem of an ostrich's feather, fastened to the end of a long stick. A boy on a quiet old horse will frequently thus catch thirty or forty in a day.

You and the Little Schoolma'am will be sorry for these partridges and so am I, but that does not affect the fact that it means considerable fun for the Maldonado boys.

WALTER L. F.

A GARDEN PROTECTOR.

DEAR JACK: Is this statement true? It was sent to my mother, and the friend who sent it said he had cut it from the Houston "Post," published in Texas.

"A shoemaker of Hubbard City is about to patent a most useful invention. He calls it a patent garden protector. It consists of two pieces of hard wood, each about ten inches long, sharpened at one end and having a hole bored in the other. These are to be tied to the legs of chickens that infest gardens, with the sharp ends of the sticks in such a position that they will drag behind. Then when the chicken attempts to scratch, the sharp ends of the pieces of wood will stick in the ground and thus walk the chicken right out of the garden in spite of itself."

Your little friend,

HERBERT G.

Well, my boy. I've inquired of the Deacon, and he says "it sounds plausible"; but my birds titter over it very suspiciously. They tell me the domestic hen is exceedingly cute, and if she should find herself being walked out of a garden by any patented trick of this sort, she would not stop scratching, but would simply turn herself about and be walked into it again. Authorities differ, you see.

TOT'S ADOPTED FAMILY.

Now you shall hear a true story, which has been written down on purpose for you by Tot's owner.

Tot came to me one morning with a puzzled and inquiring look in her large, beautiful brown eyes. "What would you do with him?" she seemed to say. "He worries me more than all the others put together."

Tot was a small cream-colored Eskimo dog, and it was one of her adopted children, a turtle, that was just then causing her motherly heart so much anxiety. After thus questioning me with her expressive eyes, a bright idea seemed to strike her. She ran to her closet and separated the troublesome turtle from the other members of her rather singular family, pushing him with her nose into a corner of the room. Then she brought some pieces of muslin, and covered him over so that not a bit of him could be seen. "There, now, I think he will sleep and give me time to attend to my other children," was her apparent comment.

Tot was in the habit of adopting all the motherless strays she came across. At the time of which I write, we had two little ducks that had been left orphans. Tot heard them complaining one day. It seemed to make her very miserable. At last she could bear it no longer; so downstairs she went, and, to my utter astonishment, returned with one of the ducklings, safe and sound, in her mouth, depositing it in the box with her three puppies. In the course of the day she succeeded in bringing the other little fellow upstairs and placing him with his brother. The ducks seemed quite happy with their adopted mother, and, when older, followed her everywhere, running after her, and screaming if she got too far ahead of them. A singular thing it was that Tot and her own children never injured these feathered foundlings. But I am sorry to say that Tot never loved the turtle, always covering up the ungainly little creature whenever it ventured to put out its head or be sociable with the rest of the family.

Your friend, A. E.

WINDOW PICTURES.

I've heard the dear Little Schoolma'am give wonderful accounts of beautiful things that she finds upon the school-room windows, on cold Monday mornings, when the big boy has belated himself in lighting the school-house stove—but they are tame compared with the scenes which your friend Mabel Nichols views at home. Hear this description which she has lately sent you:

WINDOW PICTURES.

FROM eve till dawn, the long night through,
Cold winter's elfin band
Such pictures drew
As never grew

Beneath the touch of human hand.
In dawn's dim light they faintly gleamed
On frozen panes, and glimpses seemed
To give of fairy-land.

The boughs of great old trees were bent
With silver sheen; and forth was sent
A frosty light from distant height,
Where glitt'ring spires appeared to sight,
And far-off castle walls.

Now here at hand, like a silver strand,
Hanging in mid-air fairly,
A drawbridge spanned the chasm grand,
Gleaming before us airily.

A stream flowed down the mountain's side,
And cast a silvery spray,
Then dashing on with leap and slide,
With graceful bound and easy glide,
It reached the boulders gray,
And in deep gorges swept away.

Now o'er the cold, gray landscape came
A wavering light, a pale rose tinge
That touched the leaves and mosses' fringe,
Then slowly grew to ruby flame
Setting the distant peaks aglow,
Melting from frozen heights their snow.

So fairy-land now fades away,
And we may watch in vain.
Our frost-made pictures melt from sight —
The drops roll down the pane.

WAS IT MAN'S FIRST DWELLING?

LONG, long ago some men traveling in the low countries of South America came upon a remarkable dwelling.

Only a little one-story habitation, seven feet by nine, left by its owner sweet and clean. A cot of one room, just large enough to hold a whole family of little ones, provided they did not need too much room for running and jumping.

Such a beautifully decorated little dwelling! None but a master in the art could have fashioned the delicately ornamented roof reaching high above the vines clinging about it—and a roof warranted not to leak during the hardest rain, and sure to last for ages and ages. There were two entrances to this primitive mansion, one at the front and one at the rear, not very large to be sure, but large enough for one to crawl through comfortably, and these entrances

scalloped and cut with a perfection not to be excelled — were always open, too, as if waiting for an occupant. And all to be had rent free! Now was not this a remarkable structure for our travelers to find in the wilderness?

There were unmistakable proofs, too, of its having been inhabited, and by savages, undoubtedly of a very ancient day. On examining the dwelling and remnants of others (for the discoverers found only one perfect one), these wise men decided it must have been at one time the bony covering of some animal of the armadillo family.

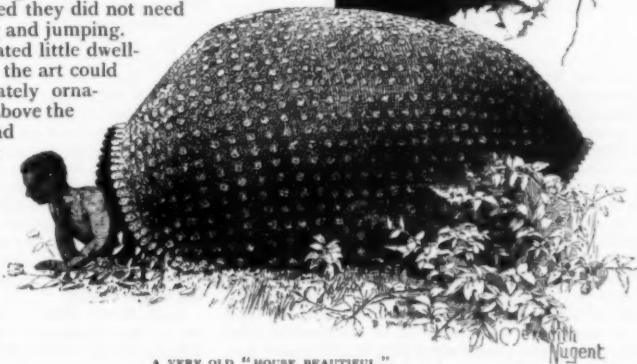
Further research and study convinced them they had found, not only a perfect armor of the Glyptodon, the gigantic armadillo of prehistoric times, but, what was still more wonderful, that this armor, abandoned by its original wearer, had become, probably, the very first habitation of man.

The only perfect one of these dwellings, now known to be in existence, is in the possession of the French Government, and is kept in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris.

A number of casts or copies have been taken of this ancient homestead, and one of these is to be found in each of the larger museums in the United States.

FROM THE DEACON'S SCRAP-BOOK.

"SPEAK as you think, be what you are, pay your debts."



A VERY OLD "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL."

THE LETTER-BOX.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT and the Little Schoolma'am request us to give their thanks to May G. M., of Troy, N. Y., and to D. B. McL. (who writes from Scotland), for good letters on the difference between red and white clovers. May's letter, they say, is excellent because it is the record of close personal observation of nature, and D. B.'s is admirable because it proves that when once his attention is called to a subject he is just the boy to study it up, and, on request, "pass along" the information he gains. They thank, also, Helen T. G., a little girl of Southern Dakota, who has sent them a very neatly written account of John James Audubon.

Judging from the letters Jack has received, it is very evident that the history of the great naturalist has lately been read by hundreds of his congregation.

CLINTON, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old, and am always glad when the day brings you. I like all of your stories. I have been so anxious to read "Lady Jane," I have been going up town every day for nearly a week to see if you had come. To-day brought you. It seemed real to us when we read of the kind Margaret who took Lady Jane in, for my little brother had a nurse that was an adopted daughter of Margaret's, and she had told us so many things about Margaret, how she was kind and good, and always ready to help the poor and needy.

Your little friend,

ALICE B.

DURING the winter season, whatever has to do with charity or helpful giving has an especial claim. And as the following letter from Mrs. Dodd embodies a practical and excellent plan for helping poor children, and one which, in part, answers the question often asked by children and young girls, "What can *we* do?" we gladly show it to our readers.

THE BROWNIES' GUILD.

GLEN RIDGE, NOV. 21, 1890.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS READERS: You have all been so interested in the pictures of the busy "Brownies," that I am sure you will wish to join the real living little "Brownies," who are working for their needy and suffering brothers and sisters. If I but had the talent of Mr. Palmer Cox, I would draw a picture of my little Brownies carrying boxes and packages to homes of distress, to hospitals, and to cases of need, wherever they might be; but as it is, you will have to imagine such a one, with all the little Brownies, representing yourselves and your companions. This charity that I speak of exists now among the grown people, but we have formed a children's branch of this Guild, and call the children the "Brownies' Branch of the Needlework Guild of America." Each little society, wherever it may be, is independent, with the exception that a yearly report is to be sent once a year to headquarters. There need not be any sewing circles,

unless you desire them. By simply giving two articles of clothing for children, you become a member of the Guild, during a whole year! This seems very little, but, children, if you could only have been present at our last meeting, when, to our surprise and delight, we opened packages containing altogether two thousand garments, you could have seen how much many can do by each giving a little. The two meetings are in October and January, as then the distribution is more necessary than in the warmer months. Each Guild is formed of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, Directors, and Subscribers. The directors are those who collect from ten other people outside of the Guild-workers, so that when they hand in their yearly offering, their package will contain two garments given by themselves, with twenty others from their ten subscribers. It is of great advantage to be a director, as you have a vote in giving to any charity in which you may be interested. Any little boy or girl who can talk may be a Brownie, and even a director, as each child can surely get ten friends to contribute two garments each. The very first little Brownie who ever joined, and who is just eight years old, has fifteen subscribers. It would be better for the very little members to choose some older person for their president, until they are old enough to do for themselves. The garments given must be *new*; we know ourselves how nice a feeling it is, to have new clothes on; and while cast-off clothing has made many a child warm and comfortable, there is a little different feeling about being dressed in new clothes; one feels as if one could act better. Do not you all think so too? I hope I shall have encouraging words from all the places from which I see your letters dated in the "Letter-box." Help me to form a band of Brownies, all around the world, and remember that each guild will add a link. Not only form one for yourselves, but start them in other places. As it will be too late for the January work this year, let it be February, and then next year we may begin in good order. I shall be most happy to answer any questions that the Brownies may desire to ask, as this is a regularly organized guild, and we shall have to abide by its rules. All Brownie correspondence may be addressed to

MRS. CHARLES T. DODD,

Secretary of the Glen Ridge Branch, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading your last number, and was so interested in "Lady Jane." I thought the little girls and boys might like to read a letter from New Orleans.

I am a little boy nine years old, and have two sisters, one eleven and the other eight. We have a Creole nurse who lives on Good Children Street. When she first came to us, four years ago, she could scarcely understand English, and, although a grown woman, had never been in the American portion of the city. You know Canal Street divides the city into two parts. The French is below and the English above.

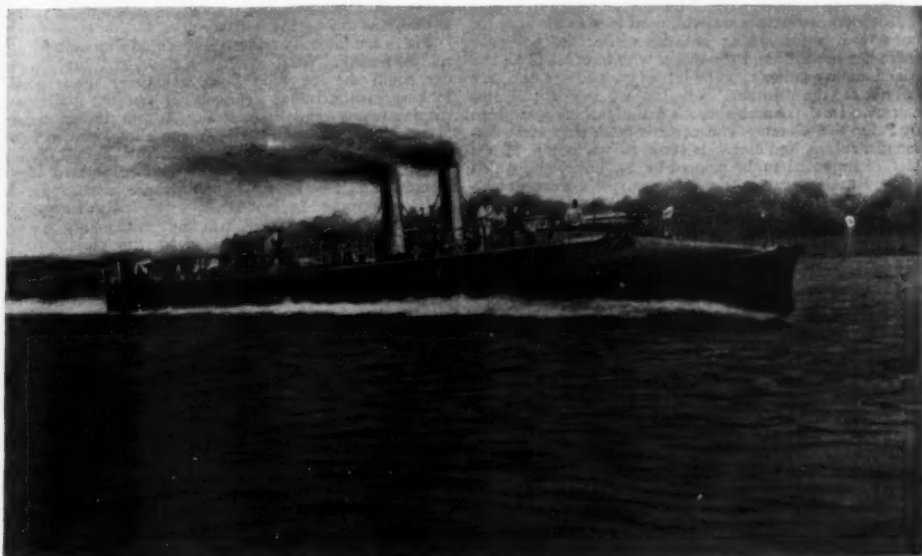
Lady Jane's Mardi Gras was just as natural as could be. I have often seen a crowd of boys scrambling for nickels on the Banquette. I like to read travels and about fights.

In the October ST. NICHOLAS I read "How a Single Shot Won a Fight" over about five times. I think it was a pretty good shot, don't you?

I am just finishing "Robinson Crusoe," but always put down any book I am reading to exchange for the new ST. NICHOLAS. From your little friend,

AUDLEY MAXWELL P—.

We are indebted to Mr. Thornycroft, the well-known builder of torpedo boats, for the following letter and the spirited picture which accompanies it. This instantaneous view of a torpedo boat at full speed is a welcome supplement to the article by Ensign J. M. Ellicott in the November ST. NICHOLAS.



THE "ARIETE" STEAMING AT FULL SPEED—MORE THAN 26 KNOTS AN HOUR.

EYOT VILLA, CHISWICK MALL,
Nov. 10, 1890.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some of the young members of my family have called my attention to the interesting article in your November number, entitled "David and Goliath in Naval Warfare." Will you allow me to make a slight correction? It was the "Ariete," built for the Spanish Government which, at the time it was built, was the fastest vessel afloat. The "Coureur," built later for the French navy did not attain quite so high a speed as given in your magazine; it was a sister vessel to the Ariete, but carried rather more load.

Will you accept the accompanying photograph of the Ariete which I myself took from the deck of another torpedo boat, when the Ariete was running at full speed?

The American torpedo boat, the "Cushing," I am pleased to say, is fitted with "Thornycroft" boilers, designed by my firm.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN I. THORNYCROFT.

CAÑON CITY, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went to the top of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas last week. As so many people

from all points of the world come here to visit the cañon, I thought your readers might like to hear what a boy of eleven thinks of it.

We drove from our home in Cañon City to the top of the Grand Cañon in two hours and a half. The distance is about twelve miles by carriage road, which goes to the highest point. As we stood at the top, we could look down, down, to the Arkansas river, which runs through the cañon; by its side is the railroad, and the cars passed while we were looking over; they looked like little tin cars in the toy-stores. The river looked like a silver thread. By the side of the track were three tents; they looked like ant-hills; the track-walkers stay in these tents when they rest from walking; they walk the track always before every train is due, to see whether rocks are on the track;

if they find any, they flag the train, and it stops; men are then sent at once to take the rocks from the track. These rocks often fall; some of them are large enough to smash the cars.

Mama was afraid to let me look down, for it was two thousand feet to the bottom, and about a quarter of a mile across to the other side.

While we stood on the edge of the chasm, five ravens flew across to the other side; it was so quiet up there that we could hear the rustle of their wings.

We ate our lunch on a big rock at the top, and it tasted very good, for we were hungry. At the base of the entrance of the Grand Cañon, is marked on the rocks "5280 feet," which is the height from the level of the sea.

Then we climbed two thousand feet more, to the top, so we were 7280 feet above sea level.

There is a mountain near Cañon City called Monument Mountain; some people call it Frémont. When at the top of the cañon, the top of Monument Mountain is level with the eye.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS three years.

Ever your friend,

HELBERT B—.

SCHLÜSSELBURG, GOVERNMENT OF ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Russia in the "Letter-Box," so I thought I would write you one, and I hope you will print it.

I have eight sisters and three brothers. Two of my brothers are in England, and the third one is at home, but the others come home for the summer holidays, and we have great fun!

We live on an island quite close to Lake Ladoga, and we generally bathe there every day if it is fine weather. Our island is called St. Catherine's Island; it is a mile long, and Empress Catherine built a palace here; our house is on the same foundation as the palace was, and we have some of her old furniture. The distance from here to St. Petersburg is sixty versts (nearly 40 miles). On another island, and very far from us, at the mouth of the Neva, is the fortress where Nihilists are kept.

Not long ago people were allowed to visit the fortress, but now it is forbidden; but, this winter the governor there has been ill, and the officer who took his place is a friend of my father's, so he let us go and see it. We did not see the prisoners' cells, but we saw a very nice church. In the church there is a Bible which was given by Peter the Great. The cover is gold, with some diamonds, rubies, and emeralds set in it. There is also a picture supposed to be painted by St. Luke, and which some Russians say works miracles. We were not allowed to see anything else.

We have a very nice skating-ground, with fir-trees all round it. We all skate every day. We have also an ice-hill on the skating ground, and we go down on small sledges or mats.

I like your stories very much, and I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the prettiest story I have ever read.

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET MCC.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE, HAMPTON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can not resist giving you a few suggestions as to the proper answer of the question asked by your correspondent, Kate G. C., from Fort Du Chesne, some time ago: "Can Indians be civilized?" There are eighty-seven Indian boys in this building, the "Wigwam,"—a dozen of them little fellows, between twelve and fifteen, and just as full of fun, nonsense, and boyish life as the brightest white boys can be. What do you think some of them announced to me a few weeks ago? "A pair of little wrens are building in our honeysuckle vine." Soon every boy knew it. The house-raising was watched with interest, the four blue eggs hailed with delight, and, though many times a day the vines were parted, and the mother and her brood watched by eager black eyes, the little ones grew to the flying age so tame that when, one early morning a few days ago, they left their nest, the Indian boys played with them for a little while, and then saw them fly away with happy father and mother to the sheltering trees of the National Cemetery, near-by.

Can Indians be civilized?

Again: A tiny kitten, "the smallest thing, to live alone," as our youngest boy says, was found down the road, and brought to the sitting-room in the arms of a great six-foot Indian boy. Its bed is in the basement, but every morning it is found on the softest pillow of my lounge, brought up by some gentle pair

of hands. Midget, as the kitten is called, has eighty-seven devoted friends.

Can Indians be civilized?

The other day I was very busy. "I have ten thousand things to do at once," I exclaimed. "How I wish I could help you do some of them," was the earnest reply of a boy who has been here but seven months.

While I am writing, two Indian boys, a Sioux, from Dakota, and an Onondaga, from New York, are playing a game of chess by my table. A little full-blood Sioux boy, looking at the pictured bull-fights in a "Harper's Weekly," says: "Je whiz! What bad man, to try kill cow and cow kill horse! I no like it."

For three years I have been in daily contact with these boys, and have met with, not only perfect courtesy, but, better than that, perfect kindness and thoughtfulness toward me, and remarkable loyalty, harmony, and friendliness among themselves.

There are fourteen tribes represented; no quarreling, no bad feeling. What would "Kate G. C." say, I wonder, could she see what I am watching? Four good-looking, manly, Indian seniors, who are just graduated, playing tennis remarkably well. A fifth Indian senior is watching them—a clever, earnest fellow, who, as valedictorian of his class, has just taken the highest honor given by the school. If the Letter-Box printed illustrated letters, I would send you a picture of our "H. I. N."—Hampton Indian Nine—who play so good a game of ball, in so honest, fair, and gentlemanly a way, that they are sought by every neighboring club.

Can Indians be civilized?

Pardon me if my letter is too long. I hope, for the sake of justice to the Indians, that it is interesting enough to print. Very sincerely yours,

A HAMPTON FRIEND OF ST. NICHOLAS.

MANY of our young readers, and their elders too, for that matter, will be glad to know that revised and enlarged editions of two excellent and most entertaining books for young folk have recently been issued by the United States Book Company, New York: "Histories of My Pets," and "Stories of My Childhood," by Grace Greenwood.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Louise W., Willie A. B., Jr., Belle A., L. W. J., Isabella C., Mabel E. W., Fanny T. and Rosa R. R., Milton D., Elsie M. R., Rhoda S., Nellie H., Ray B., Edythe P. G., Frances P., Lemuel A. DeB., Agnes R., "Three Irish Girls," Edith M. W., Maud R., Lutie M., B. F. and H. B., Harry W., W. B. G., Heine K., Keleka A., Mary S., Sophia G. M., Helen B., Isabel M. G., Marie W., Howard W. D., Margaret K., Marion and Edith, Bertie J. C., R. D. S., Irene, Nellie and Blanche, Catharine and Sibyl, Millicent W. D., Nellie U., Florence G. G., Leslie, Madge, Frank O. O. P., Florrie G., Tom C. G., Elsie G., Rachel B., Virginia E. V., Albert A., Elmer E. L., Alice G. R., G. B. F., M. E. D., May M., Leila C., Mary N., Emily D., Margaret A., E. Lowber S., May M., C. A. S., Mabel and Edith P., Marie L. M., Lucy H. C., E. N. H. and R. T. G., Anna M. G., Edna G., Nellie D., Willie K., Lola K., George, M. I. H., Hattie D., Rebecca B., "Cœur de Lion."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. New Year's Day. Cross-words: 1. Nayword.
2. Evasion. 3. Wadding. 4. Vester. 5. Earlier. 6. Analogy.
7. Rhenish. 8. Slyness. 9. Dowager. 10. Acetate. 11. Yanket.
WORD-SQUARE. 1. Raven. 2. Adore. 3. Votes. 4. Erect.
5. Ness.
OCTAGONS. I. 1. Cab. 2. Tamar. 3. Caloric. 4. Amoroso.
5. Baronet. 6. Risen. 7. Cot. II. 1. Car. 2. Laver. 3. Caravan.
4. Avarice. 5. Revived. 6. Racer. 7. Ned.
CUBE. From 1 to 2, chateau; 2 to 4, umpires; 1 to 3, caldron;
3 to 4, nations; 5 to 6, evident; 6 to 8, tedious; 5 to 7, eastern;
7 to 8, notions; 1 to 5, cede; 2 to 6, unit; 4 to 8, sips; 3 to 7, noon.
WORD-BUILDING. A, at, tan, tarn, train, rating, tearing, Tangiers,
mastering, smattering.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Bayard; finals, Taylor. Cross-
words: 1. Bonnet. 2. Armada. 3. Yearly. 4. Astral. 5. Rubigo.
6. Detour.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Paul Reese—Clare Sydney H.—Maud E. Palmer—E. M. G.—Sandyside—Annette Dembitz—"The McG's"—Mama and Jamie—Edith Sewall—Alice Mildred Blake and Sister—Josephine Sherwood—"The Wise Five"—Lehte—Frank and Ned—"We Two"—Infantry—"Jo and I"—John W. Frothingham, Jr.—W. L.—Helen C. McCleary—"Paganini and Liszt"—"Uncle Mung"—Ralph Raiford—Hubert L. Bingay—Ida C. Thallon—Reggie and Nellie—No Name—"Miss Flint"—Jessie and Miriam—"Charles Beaufort"—"Camp"—Isabel, Pansy, and Arthur—Scotia.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from H. S. and E. A. Coffin, 1—E. A. and A. Jones, 2—Hymn, 6—H. M. C. and Co., 5—S. W. and Emma Walton, 3—R. Mount, 1—"We Three," 5—"Maud and Nell," 2—Catherine Bell, 1—Clara and Emma, 3—C. and Estelle Ions, 2—Albert Walton, 5—Maud C. Maxwell, 6—Joyce Wharmcliffe, 2—"Pye," 3—Effie K. Talboys, 6—"A Proud Pair," 8—Arthur B. Lawrence, 3—Honora Swartz, 3—Alice C. Caldwell, 3—Robert A. Stewart, 6—"Blanche and Fred," 8—Alice Duray, 4—M. Covington, 1—Franklin Carter, Jr., 1—Capo le Cane, 4—James Munro, 1—"Dog and Cat," 8—"May and Jo," 6—Laura Keady, Bertha Snyder, and Maud Huebner, 6—Nellie M. Archer, 1—"The Lancer," 3—Edith D. White, 1—"McGinty and Catnip," 1—B. T., 2—A. B. C. D., 1—Georgette, 3—A. and G. V., 1—E. De Staël, 1—Alice B. Ross, 1—Phyllis, 1—"The Nutshell," 6—"Lucia and Co.," 8—"Benedict and Beatrice," 6—"Squire," 6—Pearl F. Stevens, 7—F. D., 3—"Toodles," 2—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 8—Mina and Florence, 5—Elsa Behr, 3—Sissie Hunter, 2—Mollie V. Sayers, 8—"White Star," 8—Adrienne, 8—"Mama and Elizabeth," 7.



PECULIAR ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain seven letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the fourth row of letters will spell the name of a poet, the first row of letters will spell the name of one of his poems, and the last row of letters may all be found in the word comprehension.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Emblems. 2. Burdensome. 3. Amendments. 4. Sliding boxes. 5. Manifests. 6. Great numbers. 7. Small singing birds. 8. Derivations.

A TRIANGLE.

1									
2	19								
3		18							
4			17						
5				16					
6					15				
7						14			
8							13		
9								12	
10									11

1. A LETTER from Wales; 2 to 19, a Roman weight; from 3 to 18, a spring of mineral water; from 4 to 17, the instrument by which a ship is steered; from 5 to 16, empty; from 6 to 15, according to rule; from 7 to 14, an extract of lead; from 8 to 13, the act of drawing;

from 9 to 12, a band of musicians; from 10 to 11, pertaining to coins.

From 1 to 10, the surname of an eminent person who was born in February; from 11 to 19, a name given to the second day of February. G. F.

A NEST OF BIRDS.

EACH of the following descriptions suggests the name of a bird. Example: A vegetable and a winged animal. Answer, peafowl.

1. An insect, and one of a base-ball nine. 2. To fight, and a series. 3. A masculine nickname, and a preposition. 4. A share, and a steep elevation. 5. A farm-building, and to imbibe. 6. To murder, and a graceful animal. 7. A tract of low land, and a jolly time. 8. A state of equality, and to decay. 9. An instrument used in partaking of food, and a masculine nickname. 10. Much seen in winter, and what flags are made of. 11. A stupid fellow. 12. A lash, needy, and a masculine nickname. 13. A monarch, and a disciple of Izaak Walton. 14. A musical instrument, and a winged animal. 15. A worthless dog, and the Christian name of the author of "Ben Hur." 16. Found on the seashore, and a musician. 17. A foreign country. 18. Used by artists, to support, and an aquatic fowl. 19. A personal pronoun, and a preposition. 20. A tortoise, and the emblem of innocence. 21. Found in the barnyard, a letter, and a number. 22. A coin, and a biped. 23. To drink, and part of an army.

"KNIGHTLY POINT."

WORD-BUILDING.

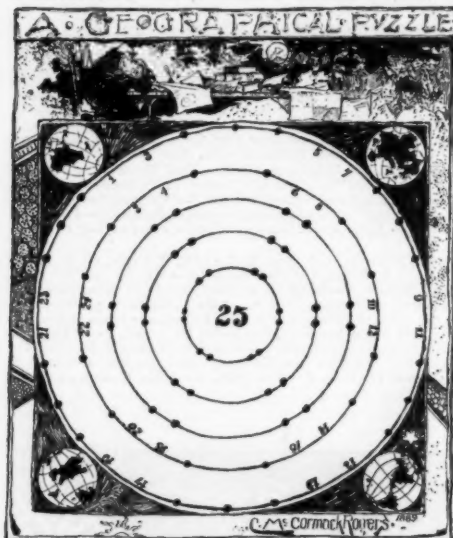
1. A vowel. 2. A French pronoun. 3. To allow. 4. A time of fasting. 5. A small bay. 6. Tacit. 7. Small singing-birds. 8. A watchman. ELDRED AND ALICE.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A wanderer. 2. A measure of weight. 3. Pertaining to the voice. 4. To exalt. 5. To let anew.

II. 1. Natron. 2. A feminine name. 3. Aquatic fowls closely allied to the gulls. 4. A French word meaning "listlessness." 5. A substance which exudes from certain trees.

E. H. LAWRENCE.



FROM 25 to 1, the "Athens of America"; 25 to 3, a Scandinavian town; 25 to 5, a gulf of the Indian Ocean; 25 to 7, an Atlantic Bay; 25 to 9, a large island; 25 to 11, a city of South America; 25 to 13, a city of Germany; 25 to 15, an Asiatic country; 25 to 17, a range of mountains in Europe; 25 to 19, a city in Germany; 25 to 21, a city in India; 25 to 23, a city in Maine; 3 to 5, a country in Africa; 7 to 9, the former name of a city in Japan; 11 to 13, a town in Ohio; 15 to 17, a lake in North America; 19 to 21, a town in France; 23 to 1, a city in France; from 4 to 6, a famous volcano; from 8 to 10, a town of Syria; from 12 to 14, an ancient city famous for its purple dye; from 16 to 18, one of the great divisions of the globe; from 20 to 22, one of the United States; from 24 to 2, one of the United States.

R. F. M.

PL.

No eth dwi ni rubyfare
Wons-kafels loafst listl,
Falh clindeni of nutr ot rian
Pigpinn, prindgip, clihl.
Tenh het swath slewl eht stamers,
Dan lonslew sevirr wells het eas:
Fi eht trinel veer neds
Who tapelans ti lwil eb.

BROKEN WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Separate conferred, and make the first guilty and indebted. Answer, best-owed.

1. Separate harkens, and make catalogue, and entity.
2. Separate to exceed, and leave uncovered, and to strive.
3. Separate in mental apprehension, and leave an idea, and a confederate.
4. Separate a pretty, red stone, and leave a fish, and what it might be caught with.
5. Separate the order of plants to which mushrooms and toad-

stools belong, and leave sport, and a masculine nickname.
6. Separate oriental, and leave a point of the compass, and the osprey.
7. Separate a diminutive nobleman, and leave a title of nobility, and a marine fish.
8. Separate a name for the sea-cow, and leave to grieve, and a preposition.
9. Separate disclosed, and leave to open, and a masculine nickname.
10. Separate a thread used by shoemakers, and leave a substance produced by bees, and termination.

When the above words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the initials of the first row of words will spell the surname of an American poet who was born in February; and the initials of the second row, the title of one of his most beautiful poems. CYRIL DEANE.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Idle talk. 2. An opening. 3. An exclamation. 4. To try.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A narrow board. 2. A Buddhist priest. 3. A masculine name. 4. Employment.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To move fast. 2. A flower. 3. A celebrated mountain in Greece. 4. An East Indian tree, valuable for its timber.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A famous German philosopher. 2. The agave. 3. A part of speech. 4. A pavilion.

C. B.

HOUR-GLASS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To fire. 2. The bassoon. 3. Pertaining to the language of the ancient Norsemen. 4. A pole. 5. In rodent. 6. A heavy stick or club. 7. A short story intended to enforce some useful precept. 8. Small flat pieces of anything on which to draw, paint, or engrave. 9. A mineral named after Herder, its discoverer.

The central letters, reading downward, spell a word meaning estimable.

"THE LANCER."

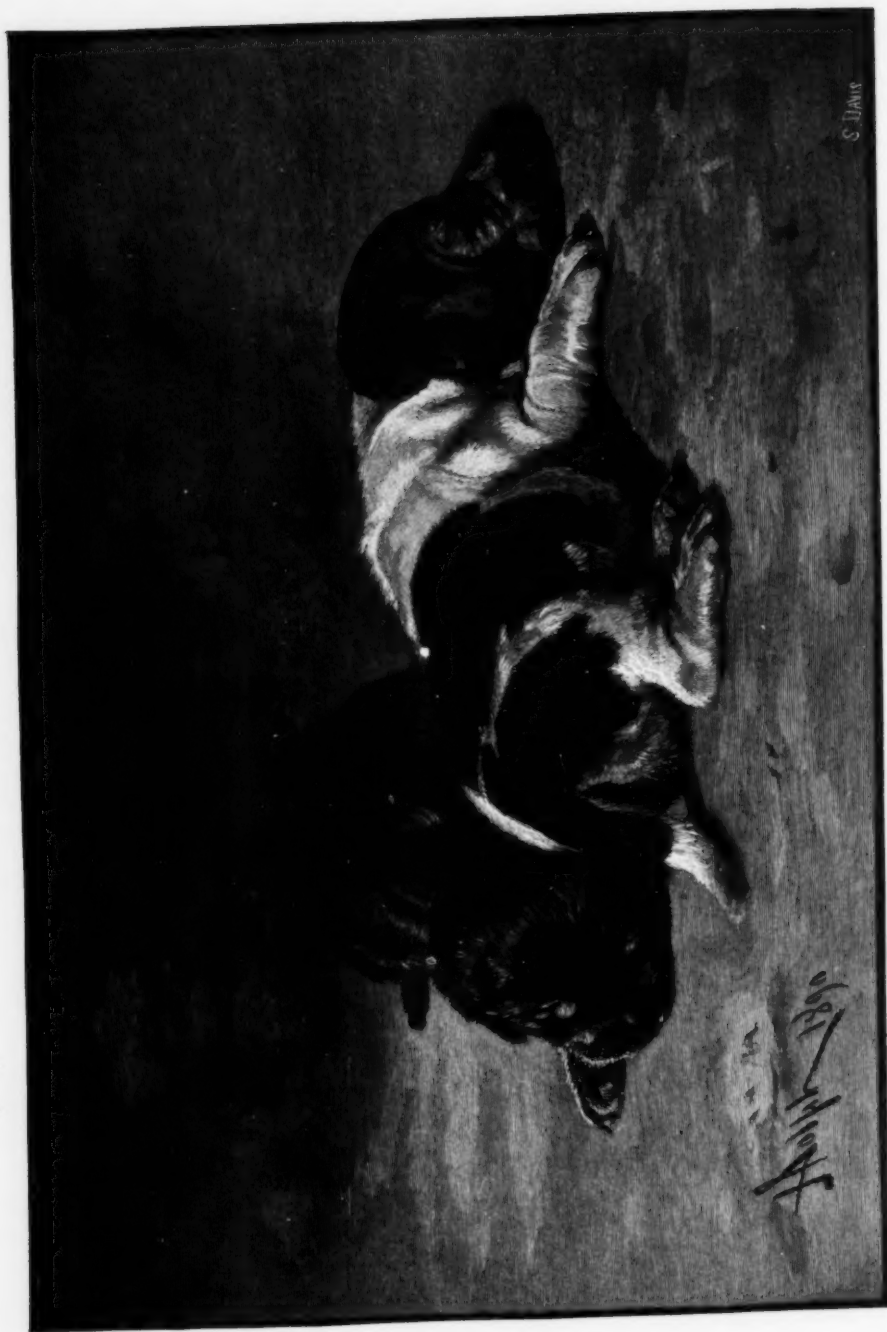
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-nine letters, and form a four-line verse.

My 46-90-25-99 is the author of "The Song of the Shirt." My 3-60-82-18-33 is the name of an English poet, a friend of Southey, who died at the age of twenty-one. My 42-14-93-8-51 is the author of "Lamia." My 73-48-38-66-29-79-22 is the name of the attendant fool of King Arthur. My 27-71-88-63-5-96-40-85 is the name of one of the knights of the Round Table. My 31-98-56-20 is a roaring sound. My 62-35-11-24-54-13 are sounds. My 77-87-69-1-74 are passages. My 36-64-57-45-10-91 is an edge. My 95-58-89-15-80-7-83-70 are advantages. My 9-52-34-50-32-68 is a conflict. My 6-39-19-41 is a quarter of an acre. My 2-84 is an exclamation. My 65-61-12-86-4 is early. My 16-37-49-78-43-26 is a celebrated magician supposed to have lived in Britain about 450 A. D. My 59-21-44-94-28-17-97-67 is the author of the stanza on which this enigma is founded, and my 23-72-55-47-92-30-53-75-81-76 is one of his most famous poems.

THOMAS H. MARTIN.





"CÆSAR AND POMPEY."
ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS FROM A STUDY BY J. H. DOLPH.